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CURRENT COMMENT.

A SHORT time ago it appeared that the new European war was about to start in the Rhineland. To-day it seems on the point of breaking in the Near East. The triumphant Mustapha Kemal Pasha is demanding Constantinople for the Turks, and the European Turkish lands as far west as the Maritza, including the city of Adrianople. The British Cabinet has apparently decided to include Constantinople and the adjacent territory within the far-flung "Commonwealth of Free Nations," though for publication the British statesmen are talking of the "internationalization" of this zone and the straits. British warships and troopships are crowding towards the straits, and Kemal's troops are massing towards Scutari. The French Government is wavering between the allurements of Turkish concessions in Asia Minor and the prospects of pickings from an alliance with the imperial British freebooters. The Italian Government, which viewed with great complacency the downfall of Greece, will now doubtless adopt its historical attitude of standing ready to give aid and comfort to the highest bidder. Bulgaria, which may have acquired considerable bootleg armament since it was formally disarmed, is casting longing eyes on its corridor to the Mediterranean, and the other Balkan nations, scenting fresh real estate in the wind, are snarling and showing their teeth.

FROM the East, with enigmatic Slavic patience, Soviet Russia watches this swiftly moving panorama. Lenin and his far-sighted colleagues have much to gain, little to lose. Thus far their amiable Near Eastern diplomacy has gone well. Kemal's forces doubtless carry a considerable amount of armament turned out at American and British factories, paid for by American and British taxpayers, and in due course captured by the Russian Red army from Denikin, Wrangel and other adventurers. If Kemal is able to straddle the straits, Russia will see a free road to warm water, and Soviet diplomacy will have accomplished in a few months what the Government of the Tsars was unable to effect in a century of sanguinary striving. The "if," however, is a large one.

BRITISH imperialists are an affectionate people, peculiarly subject to sentimental attachments for alien real estate. They frequently move in, but they seldom move out. Since the close of the great war they have been encamped about Constantinople and along the western shore of the Dardanelles, and probably their hearts have become en-

listed in the permanent uplift of this neglected corner of Europe, which incidentally happens to be a convenient short cut to Asia Minor and is the corridor to Russia's warm-water ports. According to Earl Grey's confidential arrangements with the Tsar's agents, Constantinople and the straits were to be part of Russia's share of the loot after the Central Powers had been crushed in the war. Unscheduled events in Russia brought this territory to the peace-conference as a floating asset, or liability, and though the rest of the territorial plunder was apportioned strictly according to the pre-war plans, the saviours of civilization reached no final agreement on this particular bit of swag. Beyond question Kemal could safely afford to leave his claim to a plebiscite of the inhabitants, but the term self-determination has been quietly dropped from the diplomatic dictionaries. His best assets are an army composed of incurious fatalists who can fight on a few crusts of bread a day, and the moral support of the energetic Mr. Trotzky who so recently was accustomed to cling to the straps in the Bronx subway expresses along with the rest of us. Perhaps, with one thing and the other, he may yet bluff John Bull into a compromise.

MEANWHILE certain portents have arisen which American newspaper-readers will do well to consider thoughtfully. An imposing crop of Turkish atrocities has sprung up from points where the news is under the control of British interests. It is rumoured that the wild mamelukes have snatched scores of girls from an American college at Smyrna. For some inexplicable reason the city has been burned down by Kemal's barbarians and the streets, according to rumour, have been awash with Christian blood. One dispatch from London places the number of "victims" at upwards of 100,000. It is curious that as soon as England takes one side in a scrap, there is invariably such a great outburst of atrocities on the other. Napoleon noted this coincidence over a century ago, and Henry Adams has recorded the numerous barbarities chalked up against Lincoln and his associates after Palmerston decided that an independent Confederacy would be an excellent thing for the British cotton-manufacturers. Christian nurses with mutilated breasts will probably appear in the news before this paragraph reaches its readers. This atrocity was a great favourite a few years ago. Moreover, the Moslem peril is valiantly waving its aged pumpkin face and some of our more susceptible editors are already beginning to view with alarm. These premonitory symptoms are ominously familiar. A new American crusade to make the world safe for Christianity, led by Warren the Lion-Hearted, would be a strange thing, but the experiences of the last few years make almost any unreality seem possible. After all, Constantinople is scarcely more remote than Sarajevo, and, as the oil-stock promoters hopefully remark, there's an American born every minute.

PRESIDENT HARDING apparently wishes to have the treaty-arrangements between the United States and Panama more or less revised, although it is not clear just why or how. The Hay-Bureau-Varilla treaty seems to serve well enough the purpose for which it was intended, since it guarantees that the Republic of Panama shall be maintained (by the Government of the United States) in independence of everybody and everything (except the Government of the United States, which Government monopolizes inter-oceanic communication by rail and water, controls the Canal Zone in perpetuity, and has the right to intervene in the Republic for the preservation of

law and order). All these treaty-provisions are superfluous anyhow, for the American Government is ready to go even beyond the legal terms of the protectorate, as was shown last year when troops were ordered to the Isthmus to enforce the settlement of a boundary dispute between Panama and Costa Rica. If Mr. Harding wants to drop in a provision that will legalize this sort of thing, there is no reason why he should not do so; in any case, no change in the treaty can harmonize with the big doings of the Administration, unless it constitutes a "revision upward."

JUST for the fun of it, we should like to call attention to a passage in the old treaty with Panama which provided that the United States Government should have the right to purchase any lands needed for the construction of the canal, and for use in connexion with it, at a price equivalent to the pre-treaty value of these lands. The representatives of our Government knew that the operation of constructing the canal, and even the announcement of the intention to construct it, would produce a great increase in land-values. They saw that the people who held title to these lands did not themselves produce this increment and had no proper claim upon it. In fact, they saw everything as clear as could be, at a range of three thousand miles; but it does beat all how the far-sighted official vision fails when the same situation arises on the sacred soil of the United States, and within lobbying distance of the capital.

THE various "reform"-measures enjoined by our State Department on what is euphemistically called the Government of Cuba have not been moving with notable speed through the Cuban Congress, so the Department has issued another solemn warning to the islanders, bidding them be good little boys and follow decorously the instructions of General Crowder. We regret to note that some of the Cuban Senators have been saying harsh things about the activities of the General, whom we have so unselfishly loaned to them, and there seems to be a growing lack of appreciation in the island of the blessings of democracy under the dictatorship of a high officer of our army. In particular the Cubans seem to be shying at that part of our State Department's programme which provides for their signing up for a loan which altruistic American bankers are eager to confer at an appropriately large interest. Perhaps the island brethren figure that a major general might in the course of time depart, but the bankers always they would have with them. It is clear from the tone of the State Department's admonition that a "serious situation" has arisen in Cuba, and we should not be greatly surprised if, before long, it would be considered necessary in the interests of democracy, humanity and all that sort of thing, for the American Government to take over the island in a formal manner and provide for the administration of its affairs by a full crew of minor political nincompoops who have failed to secure jobs at the expense of our own taxpayers.

THE report that during the coal-strike the United Mine Workers borrowed a hundred thousand dollars from the Indiana National Bank of Indianapolis, and an equal amount from the Harriman National Bank of New York City, and expended altogether about a million dollars, is something like a piece of news. The strike demonstrates the fact that the miners can organize and finance, out of savings and borrowed funds, a huge withdrawal of labour from production. Their success in this line of business inevitably suggests the possibility of their organizing and financing the operations of production itself. As long as the miners remain content with collective bargaining; as long as their activities are self-directed only in so far as the withdrawal of labour is concerned; the union will remain relatively unimportant, by comparison with the organization of labour and capital which actually draws coal out of the pit.

THE bargaining unions have at best only the most limited possibilities, but there is no substantial reason why they

should stop short with bargaining. The miners have an initial advantage, in that they are organized industrially, rather than by crafts; that is, all the men of whatever trade who co-operate in the productive operations of a given mine are already accustomed to co-operate in the non-productive activities of the local union. The strike has proved that, what with savings on hand, and credit at the banks (one of the directors of the Harriman National Bank is reported to have said that the miners could have borrowed five million dollars, if they had wanted it), the national organization has considerable financial power. It seems, then, that by way of experiment, the national union might put several of the locals in possession of funds with which they could buy tools, hire technicians, pay royalties, and set themselves up in the business of mining coal. An experiment of this sort would have the greatest possible value, for two reasons. In the first place, it would stimulate the labour-group as a whole with the prospect of something more human and more interesting than wage-work under the best of conditions; and in the second place, it would show conclusively, we believe, that the chief obstacle in the way of co-operative enterprise is not the difficulty of obtaining capital, but the difficulty of securing access to the resources of nature. If the advantages of voluntary co-operation and the disadvantages of monopoly were demonstrated thus convincingly, at one and the same time, the lesson could hardly fail to produce the most salutary results.

M. CLEMENCEAU has announced that he plans to visit us towards the close of the football season for the purpose of apprising us of the ungallant manner in which we have "left Europe in the lurch," and informing us of the gentle altruism that inspires French imperial policy. It is over a quarter of a century since the aged French politician visited us, and considerably longer since he was an instructor of young ladies in a school on Riverside Drive. Since those modest days he has received considerable advertising, and through a series of unfortunate accidents has sat in conference with former American tutors and former Welsh attorneys to decide the fate of the world. M. Clemenceau will no doubt be supplied with a superabundance of turkey and cranberry sauce at the tables of our "best people," and in the press he will find himself treated somewhat more graciously than his compatriot Mlle. Lenglen, and considerably less effusively than his compatriot M. Carpentier; but the rest, we suspect, will be silence. Under some pressing invitations we entered into one grand and glorious debauch with the generals and politicians across the water, and paid for considerably more than our share of the drinks, and we still have a long period of repentance before us. The more we look at Europe these days, the more it looks like a good place to leave in the lurch. The French nation may be composed wholly of heroic widows and orphans, and saints disguised as statesmen; still, we have learned that distance lends enchantment, and besides we have politicians of our own to support. As far as Europe is concerned, M. Clemenceau will find that for some time to come our unalterable motto is "Lafayette, we were stung!"

THE New York Times recently displayed a photograph of a group of impassive looking Bolsheviks standing about a table on which were displayed the famous jewels of the Russian royal family, valued, according to the caption in the Times, at \$60 billion. We suspect this estimate to be somewhat liberal; but at any rate the photograph would seem to put a snuffer on the stories we have frequently read to the effect that scoundrels high up in the Soviet Government had purloined these trinkets from the royal vaults and were hawking them about among the war-profiteers of Europe. It appears that the Communist Government has in fact preserved these valuable relics with meticulous care and has now decided to dispose of them in order to raise funds for the rehabilitation of the railway-system and for other public improvements. Since it became known that the jewels were still intact, we have noted newspaper-editorials pointing out that this

fact demonstrated the ignorant boorishness of the Bolshevik rulers, whose shrunken souls were insensible both to beauty and value. If we can't get them one way, we get them another.

THE announcement of the expected return, in revised form, of the Russo-Asiatic company's old concessions in Russia will inspire us with neither joy nor sorrow until we know something more than has yet been reported in the press, in regard to the terms of the grant. In the meantime, it is worth noting that although the company formerly held a part of its mineral lands in outright ownership, the pending agreement seems to provide for the return of the whole enormous area in leasehold. This may mean—as we hope it does—that the Soviet Government has retained the right to collect from the lessee the full rental value of the lands. Such an arrangement is not likely to be particularly attractive to privilegees who are accustomed to appropriate for themselves the full monopoly-value of their holdings, and it is perhaps for this reason that these gentlemen have not fallen all over themselves in their hurry to get at the concessions which the Russians offered at the Hague. These offerings included thirty-three tracts of forest, and about sixty parcels of mineral land. If the Russian Government had been willing to sell these resources outright, it could undoubtedly have disposed of them long ago. The multiplicity of nibbles and the scarcity of bites encourages us to think well of the fishermen, rather than otherwise.

WITH the British Government subsidizing the emigration of unemployed workers to outlying parts of the Empire, as a remedy for "overpopulation," and the French Government enforcing the immigration of black soldiers, as an offset to the decline in the birth-rate in France, one begins to wonder just how a family should use its powers of increase, in order to avoid giving aid and comfort to the imperialists. *Figaro* says in regard to the relations of France and Germany: "A brutal, we venture to say, tragic fact dominates the situation. We lost 200,000 inhabitants last year, while German statistics for the same period report an excess of 750,000 births over deaths. . . . Within less than ten years there will be two Germans for every Frenchman, unless there is a radical change in our attitude." Yet it happens that the imperial expansion of Prussia in Central Europe, and the imperial expansion of France overseas were initiated, and the imperial war desired by both Bismarck and Napoleon III was fought, long before there was any talk of overpopulation in Germany, or underpopulation in France. The spontaneous emigration of the Chinese to the Malay Straits Settlements, and their conquest of small business in that region, is a phenomenon of another sort; the question of population really had something to do with this movement, but on the other hand the question of imperialism had not, for the Chinese did not follow their flag, nor were they followed by it.

For anyone who still keeps up the business of hating the Germans, there is much malicious enjoyment to be derived from the contemplation of a table of wages and prices in Germany, compiled by Dr. Kuczynsky, the statistician, and reproduced in part in the *Living Age*. The Doctor's figures for 1912 and 1920 give some notion of what has happened to the standard of life in Germany during these last ten years of war and peace: "1912—average wages per hour sixty Pfennige, which would buy twelve eggs, or one-half pound of sausage, or one-half pound of butter, or three-fourths of a pound of bacon, or one litre of milk, or twenty pounds of potatoes, or six pounds of bread. 1922—average wages per hour twenty-nine marks, which will purchase, at current prices, three eggs, or one-fifth of a pound of sausage, or one-fifth of a pound of butter, or one-fourth of a pound of bacon, or one and one-half litres of milk, or four pounds of potatoes, or four and one-half pounds of bread on a bread-card, or two and one-half pounds of bread in the open market." This means that in Germany "wages measured by purchasing-power are now only one-third or one-fourth what they were ten years ago." The Germano-

phobes should by all means get what pleasure they can out of this fact; indeed they should keep their attention fixed steadfastly upon it, for if they allow their eyes to wander for a moment to France or England or America they will discover that the peoples of these victorious nations have somehow failed to realize on the losses of the vanquished. Theoretically the spoils belong, of course, to these same peoples, but no one has yet discovered a means of condensing them out of the thin air into which they have disappeared.

THE Bondels, of Fish River, South-west Africa, a Hotentot tribe who a couple of years ago exchanged German for British sovereignty under a mandate from the League of Nations, are, according to a report lately submitted to that august body, "a quarrelsome people by nature." No one can "larn a twoad to be a twoad" better than a British African official—unless, indeed, it be an American official in Haiti or Nicaragua. This is rather well brought out by the same report, which states that some of the Smuts airplanes which did such yeoman service at Johannesburg went over in May and June last to collect a dog-tax of from one to five pounds per dog, and incidentally dropped bombs on the Bondel kraals, killing "eighty or one hundred natives, including some women and children."

It is hardly surprising that the document containing this illuminating story of British rule under League mandates was "forgotten," in other words burked, until Delegate Bellegarde of Haiti called the attention of his fellow-delegates to it in language which he took no pains to render respectful to the British Government. The League, thus forced to take cognizance of the affair, showed its fine sense of international justice by reducing the dog-tax fifty per cent! It is hard to say which is the more edifying, the public spirit shown by the League in leaving this incident to be brought to public attention by a delegate from an obscure and semi-subject republic, or its obvious complaisance where the crimes of its major members are concerned.

At the recent Zionist conference at Carlsbad, the director of the immigration-activities of the Young Zionists' League declared that the major prophets of Jewish nationalism had placed unnecessary restrictions upon the movement of Jews into Palestine, and had thus made the Zionist power itself an obstacle to the extension of the experiment in Zionism. The sheer physical narrowness of "the Jewish homeland" of course makes it impossible for Zionists in the mass to assemble there for the great experiment in nationalism, and thus to convince themselves of the futility of exchanging Gentile exploiters for Jewish. The same effect of disillusionment may, however, be produced by the erection of artificial barriers against immigration into Palestine. If the Zionist leaders in the East are actually attempting to monopolize the privileges of the Promised Land, this attempt should teach the Zionists in exile as much about nationalism as they could learn by moving to Jerusalem, and living there for several hungry years without so much as a taste of the country's milk and honey.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

CUMING THE MORAL ON 'EM.

SENATOR BORAH has again placed his fellow-citizens under considerable obligation to him by his prompt action in exposing the nature and purposes of the proposed Liberian loan, just as Senator McCumber and his old-guard colleagues were about to slip through that slick bit of freebootery designed to compensate certain unknown bankers and speculators and to set up a highly expensive American administration in Africa, at the initial cost of five million dollars to the American taxpayer. The preliminary amount involved in this long-distance bonus is comparatively small, if we compare it with the total of the sums that our generous senators have been flinging out to one favoured interest or another, but inasmuch as it would involve us in the affairs of a distant continent, which is not, like South America, more or less of a private preserve for our own speculative financiers, it is an investment that would be likely to pay heavy dividends of trouble in the future.

At the present writing the comedy still continues in the Senate, but, following Senator Borah's attack, there seems to be a disposition on the part of the Administration senators not to press the matter of the loan with undue vigour before the approaching adjournment.

Liberia, under pressure from the Allied Governments, declared war against Germany in August, 1917. Her aid was not particularly valuable in a military sense, as she had neither soldiers nor guns, but there were considerable odds and ends of German property in the country, and these doubtless attracted the foreign offices, which were not overlooking any pick-ups of that character. Our second liberty loan act came along in September of the same year, and it contained an unfortunate provision empowering the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, to establish credits in favour of foreign Governments engaged in the war against Germany, for assistance in their war-effort, with the provision that this informal generosity must cease at the close of the war. Various extremely liberal credits were established, and were in most cases utilized to the uttermost, though the payments to Russia, owing to certain untoward events, stopped when only about half of the credit of \$350 million had been used, and through some fortunate mischances Greece and a few other minor nations were not quick enough to get their full quotas. Among the credits established was five million dollars for Liberia, actual payments on which were made provisional on the fulfilment of certain conditions by the Liberian Government. The provisions were never complied with, and at the close of the war the credit automatically lapsed, although the Treasury paid out to the Liberian Government \$26,000, to enable Liberian delegates to make a junket to the peace-conference, thus furnishing a few extra votes for Mr. Wilson, on somewhat the same principle as that on which coloured delegates from the Southern States are transported to national Republican conventions. The credit was formally withdrawn a year ago.

While the provision for the Liberian credit still held good, Secretary of State Lansing made some efforts to have it become effective, holding forth about our "moral obligations" to the heroic Liberians; but there was no action taken, possibly because of certain traditional Democratic prejudices against the pigmentation of the Africans. The whole matter was

apparently dead, until it became known, some months back, that Mr. Hughes had been negotiating with the Liberian Government, with the idea of putting through the loan. Mr. Hughes subsequently informed Congress that "our honour and good faith" had somehow become deeply involved in helping out the poor Liberians, and President Harding, in a letter to the Ways and Means Committee of the House, almost tearfully urged the legislators to vote the loan on behalf of "that good faith which is becoming a great Republic like ours."

In presenting the loan-bill, Senator McCumber also took the high ground of a moral obligation. He said that Liberia had entered the war for the unimpeachably ethical reason that we had promised her a loan. When it was shown by the record that she entered the war considerably before we had decided to make any loans to anyone, and in fact half a year before she asked for a loan, Mr. McCumber stated that the loan was in a measure compensation for Liberia's losses, a Liberian town having been bombarded by a German submarine. It was then brought out that Liberia had handsomely compensated herself for this damage by seizing certain German properties. Mr. McCumber countered this by stating that the loan was designed to deflect Liberian trade to the United States, to the great advantage of the American people. Since there is hardly enough Liberian trade to fill Mr. McCumber's hat, this seemed a doubtful argument, but about this time Mr. McCumber bethought him of another engagement, and left the Senate chamber, designating Senator Curtis as pinch-hitting protagonist of the measure. Mr. Curtis immediately demonstrated his effectiveness in a plea for the bill on the ground that if the American Government extended the five million dollars, the Liberians would immediately pay back the \$26,000 that had already been advanced to them. Mr. Curtis gave the impression that this would be a clever bit of finance.

The sentimentalities about the impoverished Liberians died away somewhat after Senator Borah had shown that they were unlikely to get enough of the loan to buy themselves new loin cloths. Under the terms carefully negotiated by Mr. Hughes the first charge on the loan would be the reimbursement of holders of various Liberian securities. There was, for instance, a loan of \$1,650,000, negotiated in 1912 by J. P. Morgan and Company and certain other banking-firms. The American firms in this deal have declared that they went into it merely out of patriotism, and that they now hold only an insignificant amount of the script, but it is a fair guess that the part which they do not hold is still in the hands of unnamed bankers and speculators rather than those of the poor and needy. Other Liberian obligations amounting to almost as much again, some of which, according to Mr. Borah, had been bought up at ten and twenty cents on the dollar by thrifty and presumably influential gentlemen, were also to be redeemed at par from this American windfall. These requisitions would leave somewhat less than two million dollars for the worthy Liberians, or a trifle under a dollar *per capita*.

Yet, as the discussion in the Senate proceeded, it became evident that even a dollar's worth of rejoicing on the part of any Liberian would be premature. Inspired by the example of Senator Borah, some miserly senator asked what our taxpayers were assured of in the nature of security for the loan. In reply Mr. McCumber's assistants spoke vaguely of the wonderful natural resources of Liberia, and declared that the

Liberian revenues would be wholly at our service. It developed, however, that the Liberian revenues run about \$50,000 below expenditures. Moreover, the Hughes agreement provides for a score of political placemen, to be appointed by the President of Liberia on designation by the President of the United States, whose salaries would, along with the deficit, eat up the whole two million dollars in a few years. These American administrators of the revenues are to be headed by a sort of financial dictator at the modest compensation of \$15,000 a year. The combined salaries of these political marionettes run to \$100,000 a year. The revenues they are appointed to administer amount to \$160,000 a year. From a careful study of these figures the taxpayer will doubtless be moved to give thanks that the Harding Administration has the good fortune to command the advice and counsel of such a frugal and careful business mind as that of Mr. Hughes.

It is fairly plain from all this that a Liberian loan will accomplish certain definite purposes. It will be a great boon to the hidden speculators who have bought in Liberian paper. It will provide soft berths, with the usual opportunities for speculation and debauchery enjoyed by those who administer distant backward countries, for a number of political wastrels. It will afford rich pickings for our strapping breed of colonial concessionaires who have already learned to wring handsome profits from the labour of the untutored savage urged to full effort by American bayonets. These things we can see, and perhaps they are advantages worth while. We wish that Mr. Hughes and his apologists in the Senate had chosen to make their argument on them rather than on idealistic phrases that had nothing to do with the case. Unless one be a diplomat, or habitually keep one's moral sense in cold storage, it is not a little nauseating to have imperial-economic flim-flam of this character presented as a moral obligation and a matter of national good faith, and pushed forward on the ground of patriotic duty. However, it may be true, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, that patriotism is the last refuge of a Secretary of State.

DIFFERENT—BUT OH HOW LIKE!

IN the course of the recent debate on the reparations-question, an explanation of the conflict between the French and British Governments has frequently been sought in the fact that France is primarily a nation of farmers, while the English people are engaged for the most part in industry and trade. It is said that the French agriculturists want first of all to be safeguarded in their comparative isolation, while the thing that the British industrialists and traders most desire is economic intercourse with other nations. For the one group, Central Europe is a menace; for the other group, it is a market; wherefore the two Governments are interested, respectively, in destruction and reconstruction.

This contrast between an economy of isolation and an economy of intercourse seems to have some bearing upon the immediate situation, but at best it can explain only the dissimilarities of French and British policy. When the bounds of time and space are extended into the past, and beyond the confines of Central Europe, the likenesses in the behaviour of the two Governments become far more conspicuous than the differences. The half-century which followed the Napoleonic Wars was indeed a period of contrasts, but during the succeeding fifty years, these contrasts

were almost completely obliterated. From the time of Napoleon I, when the last of the old French colonies were lost, to the time of Napoleon III, when the new era of expansion began, the French Government accepted the comparative isolation and self-sufficiency of France as the basis of its policy; but the Third Republic learned much from the third Napoleon, and "isolated France" to-day has on its hands an empire second only to that of Great Britain in size and wealth.

During this same period, the British Government put its faith in economic intercourse, unsupported by new imperial enterprises; but in the day of Disraeli, expansion began again, and now the Liberals have absorbed so much of the Conservatives' imperialism that the one group can not be distinguished from the other in the Coalition Cabinet. As long as the French Government was satisfied with isolation, and the British Government with intercourse, there was no ground for trouble between them. Generally speaking, the French people were producing what they consumed, the British people were paying their way in goods, and their Governments had nothing to quarrel about until each of these Governments disregarded the normal course of economic life in its own country, and initiated a new attempt to get something for nothing overseas. Then the old quarrel broke out again in earnest, and before long French and British troops were in contact on the upper Nile, and the two Powers were brought to the verge of war. Means of accommodating these rival ambitions, for the time being, were found only when a third contestant appeared upon the field.

This third contestant has now been eliminated, at least for the present, and it is therefore in the nature of things that the two great colonial Powers should resume their old rivalry. The French farmer may be satisfied with economic isolation, and the British trader with economic intercourse; but we have not heard that the French Government expects to isolate France from the Sudan, nor are we informed that the British Government intends to reduce the relations between England and India to the simple terms of economic intercourse. France is agricultural, while Great Britain is industrial-commercial, but the imperialism of the French Government and the imperialism of the British Government are as like as two peas, and would remain so if either country took on, overnight, the special economic character of the other. The most potent and enduring cause of hostility between the French and British Governments is their common quality of imperialism—their common willingness to interfere, in behalf of certain of their nationals who are neither agriculturists, industrialists nor traders, with the natural course of agriculture, industry and trade in lands beyond the sea.

THE ROMANCE OF RIVERS.

It is small wonder that the Greeks imagined every stream, every river, to have hidden in its recesses its own tutelary deities, for rivers quite apparently do possess separate and distinct atmospheres, atmospheres which often enough seem to take to themselves individual and personal tones.

What a sense of strength, for instance, of power, comes to us with our first glimpse of the Hudson! It is a river formidable, but at the same time adventurous and liberating, and as the sun goes down behind the jutting promontories of the Palisades, behind the Giant's Forehead and the Eagle rock, one feels falling

upon one, with the crying of the wild birds that haunt their frowning ledges, something of the spirit of those gallant pioneers who first, with tiller resolutely held, steered inland on its broad waters.

One gets a very different impression from the vast winding rivers of the South. They do not inspire or invigorate; rather do they fill one with awe, lying with their irresistible volume stretched out across the States, unabashed, lethargic, self-confident. They are capable on certain occasions of inundating whole districts, of leaving little behind them but a sodden, desolate landscape of debris and stark trees garlanded with river-weeds. At other times, when they are content to be complacent, the tall corn sways with its heavy grain up to their very brinks, and, without fear or thought, Negroes gather in the fluffy cotton all day long about their sultry tributaries. Such rivers are like great, drowsy giants, sprawling upon their bellies asleep; and it is best when they do sleep.

Not so with the rivers of California. There is a peculiar gentleness about all streams that flow into the Pacific. How smoothly, how graciously the Sacramento offers its shining waters to the golden Bay of many Islands where the sea-lions sport and where black cormorants each evening, with yearning necks outstretched, fly past the white sentinel-house of the Golden Gate toward the open sea.

How infinitely pleasing also are those smaller streams, those diminutive water-courses, that wind down to the ocean from the soft, rounded hills of Marin county; streams which spring to a sparkling sunlit life in some cool ferny bed at the foot of Tamalpais and, after winding under oak and eucalyptus, soon find their way to the grey sands of the Pacific.

Of European rivers, perhaps the Rhine remains for Anglo-Saxons the most romantic. The Tagus is indeed lovely as it glides past the long yellow stretches which lie this side of Lisbon, but he who has seen the tumbling, slate-blue, swirling eddies of the great German water-way, even as far up as Basel, can never forget the peculiar thrill that comes with the memories of its vineyards and ivy-grown Gothic castles.

Fortunate is the man who lives to see the Nile. The human race has wandered far since it was first generated on those steaming mud flats filigreed so curiously by the feet of crocodile and the delicate pointed claws of the sacred ibis. The Ganges also has its peculiar fascination: the mist that rises from it in the hot noonday is like a priceless incense mingled with the breath of a myriad Oriental prayers.

Who is able to catch the mystery of the Amazon, with its fold upon fold of undulating tree-tops, its green heaped upon green over valley and mountain, and everywhere flocks of screaming birds whose plumage challenge the brilliance of the rainbow? But perhaps even more bizarre, even more ambiguously suggestive than any of these are the great rivers of Equatorial Africa. There is the Uasin-Nyro, whose thick, matted jungles are frequented only by black men, by the Wonderobo, alert and silent of foot, who, with their primitive weapons always ready at hand, are ever on the lookout for food.

Punctually each evening at six o'clock the sun goes down behind the waving red grass of the limitless veldt; and it is perhaps after this event that the Uasin-Nyro presents herself in all her original strangeness. Far off in the unsurveyed depths of the bamboo-forests, elephants with flapping extended ears trumpet shrilly to one another; rhinoceroses move silently about on their mysterious quests; and the hip-

popotami, weary at length of their submerged life in the darkened pools, go grazing through the open glades, brushing away the dew from the quivering grasses with their round four-toed feet and enormous, bristling mouths. For countless centuries along these far, undisturbed stretches, water has given place to water, as the river rolled on toward a lukewarm ocean. Nightly since the world was created, its slippery drinking-places have quenched the thirst of how many zebra, of how many buck, and of how many flesh-eaters whose heavy jowls have turned its lapping ripples into eddies of black! It matters not whether the southern stars shine clear, or whether the night be murky with the clouds of the heavy rains, the Uasin-Nyro remains unperturbed, offering the beauty of its shimmering waters to fierce, furtive, unobservant eyes.

How different from this is the happy quietude and peace of the slow-moving West-country rivers of England. What ineffable heart's-ease comes to a traveller who finds himself once more near their banks! Well he knows that every summer-time for the last thousand years hay-makers have been busy in the rich pastures that lie between Ilchester and Longload, where the river Yeo laves the Saxon masonry of the old stone bridle-bridge that still stands some few miles of sweet meadow lands west of the Fosse way. How many generations of chub have been spawned here, and grown into great lubberly fish, how many generations of Kingfishers have been hatched here, and flashed under the alders, disturbed all their life long by no other sound than the whetting of a scythe or the purling of milk into a pail.

If there be anyone who has a mind to savour the homely old civilization of England, let him sit on the banks of the Yeo on a fair Easter morning when the forget-me-nots about him are bluer than the sky, and when, across the cowslip fields where the children laugh together in their Sunday frocks, comes the sound of bells "knolling to church." Even winter can not make savage these happy acres. In January when the wild duck and snipe come down to the flooded fields and a certain melancholy seems to descend upon the bare hedges, the ribbed gates, and forsaken haystacks, one has but to catch a glimpse of a single, far, twinkling light in cottage or farm-house and the sadness has gone. Even to this day how mellow is the life lived by these simple people, as harmless and slow-moving as their own cider-coloured rivers. They go to market on Fridays, they mind their hedges and ditches, they feed their cattle as they stand in placid rows with shining chains round their necks: they have not so much as heard of Charing Cross, or Nôtre Dame, or the Woolworth Building.

But it is not only these delectable rivers of the old world that possess a romance associated with the life of the human race. Take the small boat that plies between Dobbs Ferry and Sneyden's Landing on some late autumn afternoon when the air is clear and crisp with frost, and then if you are long-sighted enough you will perchance, looking downstream, beyond the ruddy sun-tanned features of the captain of the craft, be able to see some twenty miles away, on a silver horizon, rising tier upon tier like some fabulous Ilium, the "topless towers" of New York. The whole city is so small that it could be hidden by the white wing of a passing sea-gull, but it is there none the less, rising in all its familiar grace by the side of the Hudson, as that majestic river sweeps on, past the docks and the Battery, to meet the salt waves of the Atlantic.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, KNIGHT.

SINCE the hour when Sir John Falstaff first appeared upon the stage with his "Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?" his unmatched and fabulous presence has been the cause of much disputation.

Never before the production of "Henry IV" had a man's character, openly dedicated to the pleasures of the senses alone, been so fully drawn in all its unregenerate and antinomian aplomb. In the person of the fat Knight, Shakespeare presents with consummate skill and in an extremely attractive and lovable light, the disposition of one who has been "froward even from his mother's womb." Like a great drone the figure of Falstaff came sailing irresistibly into literature; to the utter confusion of the tight, morally symmetrical hive-cells of the ethical-minded. If his genial and scandalous presence requires a justification it may be found in the spontaneous yearning cry of his old bully-rook companion, "Would I were with him, where-so-e'er he is, either in Heaven or Hell!"

In a world where we are teased and fretted by a thousand over nice moralities it is surely exceedingly refreshing, exceedingly healthful to find ourselves for once in contact with an attitude of mind wherein no such restraints are recognized. This is of course the reason, as Professor Bradley has so ably pointed out, that the human race has so eagerly taken to its heart the personality of Falstaff. In his reprehensible character he represents what is the tacit wish of each one of us, namely: to be bold enough to live frankly for happiness alone. Indeed, it is curious to speculate on what the effect would have been upon humanity had this pristine motive of life never been foresworn.

Falstaff in his own way was a profound philosopher and had reached to a rare state of spiritual and intellectual emancipation.

I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath; give me life: which if I can save, so: . . . What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday.

He is perfectly right. All the cobweb imaginings of soul-sick, idealistic humanity are made indeed to look silly enough in the sight of one whose wisdom has come from sleeping on sun-warmed benches in the high noon. Falstaff's wisdom is the wisdom of the "blessed sun"—a wisdom far more ancient, far more healthy than any that has had its origin in chapel or church.

Yet it is to be observed that he shows no spleen when alluding to these other influences. In fact, he evades their crafty appeal by no other means than that which is provided by his own mother wit, "full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes," that "comes of sherris." When the Chief Justice twits him on account of his broken voice, he is by no means at a loss for an answer. "It came," he asserts, "with halloing and singing of anthems." What indeed could a whole cartload of priggish monitors hope to do with such a one; with this incorrigible "horse-back breaker" who would turn his ridicule upon the very state of repentance?

Well, I'll repent and that suddenly while I am in some liking. . . . An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company hath been the spoil of me.

It will be noted that even in the stir and din of battle his chief concern is not with the cause for which he is fighting but with the more simple and natural one that it should please God "to keep lead out of him. . . . I need no more weight than my own bowels." There is about all his reactions to war something singularly healthy. Upon being ordered to the North as he sits tippling at the Boar's Head: his first instinct is to wish "the tavern were his drum" so that he would never have to leave its congenial atmosphere. "I would 'twere bed-time Hal, and all well."

His most simple utterances spring from his lips with a delightful naturalness. "Why there it is. Come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry." "Thou knowest that in the state of innocence Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy."

Never, perhaps, has Shakespeare's peculiar genius for creating a living, palpable background for his characters been better shown than in the various settings that have to do with the old rogue's adventures. How suggestive of the intimate, everyday, homely life of an old, established hostel is the talk of the ostlers, as in the early winter morning they move about over the cold cobblestones of the inn yard, lanterns in hand.

Second Carrier. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots; the house is turned upside down since Robin the ostler died.

First Carrier. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

It is the same in Gloucestershire; the very breath of slow-moving, mellow days, such as we associate with out-of-the-way country places, is in the conversation of Squires Shallow and Silence.

Shallow. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Silence. Dead, Sir.

Shallow. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shot: John a' Gaunt loved him well. . . . How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair. . . . How a score of ewes now?

Silence. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old Double dead? . . . Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting.

Again, in that passage where hostess Quickly charges Falstaff with a breach of promise, the realism is unsurpassed. We are made actually to hear the cannikins' clink clink in the hands of the drawers, actually to smell the heady liquor-fumes that hang about the rafters and the stained furniture of the place.

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns: whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound?

By just such intimate touches Shakespeare creates that extraordinary sense of depth that is so remarkable a characteristic of almost all his plays. Vista opens upon vista and on all sides is revealed the slow, humorous, obstinate life of old England.

Consider, for example, the answer of the recruit when Falstaff asks him of what disease he is suffering. "A whoreson cold, Sir, a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation day, Sir."

It is certainly remarkable to observe how the humour that springs from the spectacle of inordinate corpulence seems unfailing in its appeal. From the earliest times till our own day it has ever been provocative of irresistible mirth. The phenomenon is recognized by none other than the fat Knight himself when he says,

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me; I am not only witty in myself but the cause that wit is in other men.

Deprive Falstaff of the womb that was his undoing and half the fun of the world would be gone. "These lies are like the father that begets them—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool . . . thou greasy tallow-ketch!" If he goes on foot he "sweats to death and lards the lean earth as he walks along." If he marches in front of his page it is "like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one." "A plague!" he cries in desperation, "of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder."

Nothing can reduce or subdue the rollicking high spirits of the good Knight; he makes merry and ribald sport of the very sicknesses which have come upon him through his drunkenness and lechery. "A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe."

Those wretched people who are ever ready to fob off on other folk their own petty ethical predilections lay much stress upon the sanctimonious speech by which Henry V rejects Falstaff on the occasion of his coronation at Westminster. They think that they find in it sufficient evidence to justify a belief that the dramatist himself is in sympathy with their own sentiments. The fallacy of any such conclusion is once for all exposed by the description of the old man's death. For pathos, for understanding, for sheer beauty, few passages in the plays, nay, in all literature can be compared with this. It stands with that great chapter on the death of Pan in Rabelais, and it shows quite clearly that at the last the heart of Shakespeare was consumed with an indulgent love for Falstaff. There remains nothing to be added. One can only quote once more his own incomparable words:

Nay, sure he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A'made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just

between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his finger's ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. . . . So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

LEWELYN POWYS.

ALAS, POOR GHOST!

ALTHOUGH Malthus has long since been relegated to the abode of false prophets, his ideas continue to haunt the minds of social workers. In fact it is hardly too much to say that our whole scheme of charitable and philanthropic organization is based on the assumption that poverty, and the train of evils associated with it, can be alleviated but can not be cured. It is not surprising therefore to find well meaning persons turning to eugenics, or falling back on voluntary birth control as hopeful remedies for the assumed tendency of population to grow faster than its wants can be supplied.

A contributor to the *Nation*, commenting on the London Birth Control conference, described the movement as aiming to effect a fundamental change in human conduct, "thus scoring a victory over forces of nature which, unchecked, have brought upon mankind miseries of unemployment, destitution, famine and war." It is natural to see hostility in nature when one thinks of floods and drought, of frost and storms, and considers the vigour and resourcefulness required to survive their destructive action. Seas and forests and mountain ranges seem like so many natural obstacles put in the way of the traveller to make his journey difficult.

But the same nature provides sun and rain and all the fertile properties of the soil; men are supplied by her with the will and endurance to overcome all obstacles; even the floods may enrich the fields, and from the forests and mountains lumber and minerals are procured and made to serve human needs. In exercising his power to better his condition, man is not so much triumphing over nature as making use of his knowledge of her ways. If the natural law of gravitation makes aviation dangerous, obedience to this and other natural laws in the construction and manipulation of airships will remove the danger. In other words, the triumph is not over nature but over ignorance.

The distinction is important when dealing with social conditions which touch the heart of the philanthropist. He sees large numbers of people without enough to eat, ill clad, and crowded into miserable houses. His first thought is that there are too many people. Either their wants or their numbers must be reduced. To the comfortable Malthusian war, famine and pestilence are part of the divine scheme to regulate the population, an argument which is not without attraction to the human agents who set these forces in motion. But the philanthropist shrinks from harsh measures, and the advocates of birth control would substitute a voluntary limitation of numbers, under the impression that there would be plenty for all if only population could be kept within bounds. On similar grounds emigration is advocated, and immigration deplored.

If attention is concentrated upon congested areas there seems to be much force in the argument for the restriction of population, but it loses weight when unused natural resources are brought into the picture, and dwindles still further when other important con-

siderations are taken into account; as, for instance, the power concealed in the mind and muscle of every adult to produce more than enough to satisfy his wants, and the impetus that co-operation gives to production. Like the writers who urge economy upon the poor, the advocates of birth control are attempting to help people to conform to a bad environment instead of trying to change the environment for the better.

If cities are crowded, it is not for want of space. Nature is not at fault. It may be that the forces that cause the steady drift from the country to the cities, and the concentration of population in certain districts, are under human control. At all events, unless it can be shown that these tendencies are the result of natural laws and not of human contrivance, it would be hasty to assume that congestion is the result of overpopulation. Moreover, if it be true that there are too many persons for the amount of wealth to be divided, how can we account for the "overproduction" which gives farmers and manufacturers so much concern? Thanks to invention, and the division of labour, production outruns effective demand; the cotton-planters are besought to restrict their planting, corn is used as fuel, and growing industries make desperate efforts to secure foreign markets for their "surplus stock."

After careful study, Kropotkin came to the conclusion that it is impossible to foretell what would constitute the maximum number of human beings who could draw their means of subsistence from a given area of land. But in order to secure a satisfactory distribution of the wealth produced he laid it down as a necessary condition that the land must be considered as a common inheritance. The obstacles in the way of universal plenty are not, he said, "in the imperfection of the agricultural art, or in the infertility of the soil, or in climate. They are entirely in our institutions, in our inheritances and survivals from the past—in the ghosts which oppress us"—and, he added, they lie also in our phenomenal ignorance.

It is pertinent to ask our philanthropic friends why men do not use their latent abilities to extricate themselves from poverty. One must naturally sympathize with all movements which aim to spread knowledge and to enlarge freedom of thought and action; yet one may well ask whether such efforts are not bound to be disappointing if the plain facts of life are ignored. There exists a monopoly of natural resources. When it is abolished workers will cease to fear either the foreman or the future. All human effort will then contribute to the encouragement of industry and a range of wages that would make effective the demand now held in abeyance, for all manner of goods.

Under this happy regime there would be no overcrowding, no defective children. All the evils that trouble eugenists and delegates to birth-control conferences would softly and suddenly vanish away, and there would remain no need of raising the ghost of poor dilapidated Malthus and his equally defunct theory of population, to explain their existence in our social system.

FRANK W. GARRISON

THE COUNTESS DE NOAILLES: II.

THE intense subjectivity of the lyrist being rarely linked to a strong sense of the dramatic, it is not surprising to find that the novels of Mme. de Noailles, although they contain much descriptive beauty and philosophical truth, are weak in characterization and in the dramatization of conflict. But if they do not

open windows through which we can look out upon the world, they at least give us a key by which we can penetrate further into their author's spirit. In "Le Visage Emervillé," she develops a theme by which she is constantly attracted and to which she returns later in a poem called "Le Faune." Under the white arches which lead to the languorous beauty of a convent-garden in Spain, appears, with fingers busy on his strident pipes, a dancing faun. To rebukes and reproaches he replies that he has come to prepare the divine pleasures which but for him would not exist. By his melodious song the nuns are moved to rapture; because of it they exchange their former peace for the divine disquiet which makes them raise blissful eyes to heaven and clasp beseeching hands before the burning candles:

*'Partout où l'on voit s'émouvoir
Un cœur sensible,
C'est que ma flèche et mon pouvoir
L'ont pris pour cible.*

*'Ce sont des nymphes aux yeux clairs
Et des faunes,
Qui dans les cloîtres blancs et verts
Meurent d'ivresse;*

*'C'est moi Pâques, moi la clarté
Moi le mystère;
C'est moi qui suis, en vérité,
Toute la terre . . .*

In the novel it is not a faun but Donna Maria, of close kinship with it and with Mme. de Noailles, who enters the convent-garden and greets with the same voluptuous ardour, religion, human love and the beauty of the garden:

'Voyez mon Dieu, si M. l'aumônier, pour nous toucher, nous rappelle notre petite enfance, nos jeux, notre père mort, nous pleurons; et si une de nos sœurs nous donne un bouquet à respirer, nous respirons fort d'abord et nous soupirons après; et si notre ami met son cœur près de notre cœur, nous ne savons plus rien que son désir, et notre désir plus tendre encore que le sien. Toutes ces choses, mon Dieu, sont une seule chose, la même chose.'

The whole book is full of imaginative and sensuous beauty, and in its strange blending of amorous and religious ecstasy recalls many of the verses of the seventeenth-century metaphysical poets.

In "La Nouvelle Espérance," which is more definitely taken up with the study of human emotion, Mme. de Noailles reveals herself still further in the person of Sabine, who is the most convincing and most consistent of all her creations, although her dramatic value is almost nullified by the lifeless characterization of the other characters in the book. The theme is that of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary"—the development of a young woman who, finding married life dull and unworthy of her sensitive nature, seeks satisfaction and excitement in amorous adventures. The two heroines, alike in the possession of susceptible temperaments which crave as daily food "*les élans et les rêves de la passion*," are extremely different in the depth and quality of their emotion. Emma Bovary's is a shallow, sentimental nature striving to warm itself into passion: Sabine de Fontenay's is a passionate nature, striving to find in another the abandonment of which itself is capable. Thus while Emma, urged on by a foolishly sentimental conception of what a woman's life ought to be, embarks on a career of passionless immorality and selfishness, Sabine rather wilfully scorns her real gifts of intellect and sensibility in order to seek an impossible passion which, casting off all the restraints of reason and of moral obligation, will oscillate between a Cleopatra's crass abuse of power and the proud self-abasement of a mediæval saint.

Both heroines find cause and excuse for their actions in kind but commonplace husbands, who are altogether unsympathetic towards romantic aspirations; to both a further luxury of emotion is added by what might to others be pangs of conscience: "*La conscience, c'est une tristesse qu'on éprouve après un acte qu'on vient de faire et qu'on refrain encore.*" Sabine longs for life as it was lived by the beautiful woman of the eighteenth century who gazes down upon her from a gilded frame and seems to whisper of a voluptuous world where men and women ceded themselves to each other without resistance or fear, where all loved love and where many gave up everything else to make it the aim of existence. Sabine is hardly less its slave than they, but to her sensuality is added a subtle intellect whose power of analysis tortures her. She knows that what she wants is not in itself either the giving or receiving of love, but the constant speeding-up of emotion, not the joy and happiness or even the misery of love, but the complete absorption of all her being in the whirl of an emotional vortex. "*J'étais comme ces ivrognes qui aggravent leur mal en buvant en route, mais qui étaient déjà ivres au départ. Je suis née ivre, et j'ai vécu toujours altérée de véhémence et de douleur.*" When life denies her the impossible, she, like Madame Bovary, abandons life, "*Enfant, je sentais que la résignation et l'accablement étaient quelque chose qui était fait pour d'autres gens que pour moi.*"

"Les Vivants et Les Morts," in which she further develops the theme of human love and which is the finest and most profoundly emotional of all her volumes of poetry, shows her to be no longer the petulant seeker after the impossible, but a woman who has known both human love and human sorrow. The rosy hues and dazzling brightness of morning have gone, the little dancing wood-nymph has vanished, the pipes of Pan and the horns of elf-land are only intermittently heard. "She has discovered that inner universe which has no common measure with the material world; she has loved and parted; she has loved and lost; she has looked on the icy face of death and trembled; she has stood on the pale verge of the unknown abyss." Out of the joy and the bitterness of her experience has developed a grave nobility; through the medium of sorrow, the undercurrent of seriousness marking her early poems and the defiant courage of "La Nouvelle Espérance" has developed into a fuller and more tender conception of life and of humanity. It would be easier to pick out the story lying behind the love-poems and revealing itself in vivid, impressionistic pictures, than to convey the multitudinous and overwhelming effects wrought by love and distress in the remote places of her heart. The emotions, poignantly revealed, contradict and conflict with each other. All is flux. Joy fades to sadness, regret rises to noble resignation and falls to wailing despair, cruelty reveals itself in the heart of love, languor succeeds delight; through all appears the torturing desire for certainty, and over all is cast the shadow of change and death. The most permanent impression is one of rebellion against the suffering and wounds which love inflicts on humanity, against the inevitable inequality, the treachery and cruelty of passion:

*Seigneur, pourquoi l'amour et son divin supplice
Sont-ils, entre deux cœurs noblement rapprochés,
Comme un glaive qui rend une inique justice,
Et qui toujours châtie un mystique péché?*

She sees love as the inexorable law of the universe, from which no one can escape and which throughout

time and space demands its toll and celebrates its victory.

*'Je règne sur l'active et chancelante vie
Comme un tigre onduleux, aux prunelles ravies . . .*

*'Je mens quand je me tais, je mens quand je protège,
Partout où sont des corps, partout où sont des cœurs
L'éclat hardiment mon fourmillant cortège,
Et le monde est empli de ma suave odeur.'*

In a few poems it seems as if passion and regret, love and death, had done their worst, and that nature, after the martyrdom it had inflicted on her in accomplishing its purpose, had taught her a new, austere joy which, born out of the acceptance of a purpose bigger than self, was stronger than sorrow and despair, stronger even than death. She then becomes reconciled to the suffering which love inflicts, seeing in it not only love's tragedy, but also love's hallmark.

*O mon ami, souffrez, je saurai par vos larmes,
Par vos regards éteints, par votre anxiété,
Par mes yeux plus puissants contre vous que des armes,
Par mon souffle, qui fait bouger vos volontés.*

*Par votre ardente voix qui s'élève et retombe,
Par votre égarément, par votre air démuni,
Que ma vie a sur vous cet empire infini
Qui vous attache à moi comme un mort à sa tombe!*

*O mon ami, souffrons, puisque jamais le cœur
Ne convainc qu'en ouvrant plus large sa blessure;
Puisque l'âme est féroce, et puisqu'on ne s'assure
Autre de l'amour que par la douleur.*

But evermore the old fever with its longing to extend into permanent ecstasy love's transient flights, its dread of the moment when "the exquisite knocking of the blood" dwindles to the pulse's normal beat, its desire for the experience of love or hate, passion or anger, flames out anew; and like the birds in March who obey the first sweet breath of spring, she rushes forth once more to "burst Joy's grape" and suffer "love's sad satiety."

The reaction of Mme. de Noailles to the thought of death shows a continuous evolution. In her early poems she is haunted by the sense of fleeting time; in spite of entreaties and supplications, youth will depart, bearing its precious burden of love and laughter, and leave life an empty husk for those to whom these things alone are dear. The thought of death, irrevocably bound up with that of love, constantly assails her and is at first pushed back with horror and the instinctive conviction, born of youth and desire, that death will not dare touch her ecstasy and her exuberance. When, later, an abstract conception of the reality of death has been forced upon her, she hopes, by the very ardour and audacious vehemence which she pours into life and by a firm grasp of humanity's one effective weapon, love, if not to elude and cheat death, at least to reap some measure of immortality. At last life brings her face to face with death, and what she has been unable to imagine is before her—the inert, white face of one whom she has loved and who has gone beyond good and evil to the cold, mute tolerance of death.

*Et tu n'étais plus là, malgré ton fin visage,
Le dernier de toi-même et qui me plaît le plus;
O visage accablé, suprême paysage
D'un jour de fin du monde, et qu'on ne verra plus!*

Gazing down on the final pallor she rebels against death's exclusion of proud will and passionate effort, against the emptiness of the long leisure which is our ultimate fate, against her own personal sorrow and loss, and against the awful treachery to love of which she is guilty in continuing to live. In her agony,

because she suffers beyond her endurance, because every bridge across the gulf is broken, she calls on a God in whom she has no faith:

*Mon Dieu, je ne sais rien, mais je sais que je souffre
Au delà de l'appui et du secours humain,
Et, puisque tous les ponts sont rompus sur le gouffre,
Je vous nommerai Dieu, et je vous tends la main.*

It is the old, heart-rending cry of an unbeliever who strives to find comfort in the shadow of a divinity wrought out of the fabric of despair. But no answer comes to her agonized cry and the only help she can wrest from her depths of suffering is a bitter stoicism, looking to the immortality which love gives and because of which death loses a little of its sting.

*Mais, avant d'accepter, sans plus jamais me plaindre,
Ce lot où vont périr l'espérance et la foi,
Hélas! avant d'aller m'apaiser et m'éteindre
Amour, je vous bénis une dernière fois . . .*

Thus, while her inspiration continues to show its vigorous spontaneity, Mme. de Noailles has left the sparkling effervescence and exaggerated idolatries of youth and forced her way through emotion and suffering to a maturity which, although it offers too many contradictory attitudes to coalesce into a coherent philosophy, accepts the burden of modern thought and faces the problems of existence as they now present themselves.

Born in the late nineteenth century, Mme. de Noailles has known both its sceptical, materialistic spirit and the conflict of philosophies which mark the beginning of the present century. The love of nature which has always characterized her poetry is not untouched, even in her early work, by the spirit of pessimism. Later she comes to regard nature, in spite of its beauty, as something often wantonly malicious, and man's destiny as a pathetic struggle, ending ultimately in annihilation, against the cruelty of life. Let nature be cruel then, and man's destiny tragic; she will view them through no enchanted mask wrought out of her own desire, nor strive to make them tolerable by an optimism based on pleasing dreams. She might say of life:

*We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence.*

This philosophic realism is entirely true to the side of her which craves to know things as they are. But hers is a complex temperament, and the asperity of her realism is tempered by the romantic ardour of the life surging within her which instinctively identifies reality with itself. Because of her vigorous vitality which trusts life and her own feelings of invincibility, her philosophy is also strong and virile. Her enthusiastic temperament, longing for infinity, scorns the shackles of conventional morality and rebels against the encircling limitations of "death and chance and mutability." She has hated the sort of life which stagnates without desire in the peaceful satisfaction of a daily round: seeking a new song and a new happiness she has sought, in the midst of inward strife, the wounds of that sharper joy which rewards those who, obedient to the secret ends of existence, boldly take their chance of joy or misery.

*Etre, dans la nature ainsi qu'un arbre humain,
Etendre ses désirs comme un profond feuillage,
Et sentir, par la nuit paisible et par l'orage,
La sève universelle affluer dans ses mains!*

*Vivre, avoir les rayons du soleil sur la face,
Boire le sel ardent des embruns et des pleurs,
Et goûter chaudement la joie et la douleur
Qui font une buée humaine dans l'espace!*

*Sentir, dans son cœur vif, l'air, le feu et le sang
Tourbillonner ainsi que le vent sur la terre.
—S'élever au réel et pencher au mystère,
Être le jour qui monte et l'ombre qui descend.*

There is yet another important strand in the tangled skein of her philosophy. Ardent lover of life, of the glory and the beauty of the world, she can not face the thought of the annihilation of death; so she strives to transmit to her poems the fervour which has been given her in such generous measure, that they at least may live and thrill future generations with the music of her ecstasy.

*J'écris pour que le jour où je ne serai plus
On sache comme l'air et le plaisir m'ont plu,
Et que mon livre porte à la foule future
Comme j'ai jamais la vie et l'heureuse Nature.*

*J'ai dit ce que j'ai vu et ce que j'ai senti,
D'un cœur pour qui le vrai ne fut point trop hardi,
Et j'ai eu cette ardeur, par l'amour intimée,
Pour être, après la mort, parfois encore aimée.*

Whether or not the future will love Mme. de Noailles as she hopes, it rests with the future to decide; but to many of her readers to-day her work seems not more effectually to voice the spirit of the present age by its restless ardour and its gloomy depths, its exultant egotism and its tender pity, than to recall the art of the great poets of all time by its lyrical fervour, its spontaneous beauty of imagery, and the magic rhythms of its music.

DOROTHY MARTIN.

THE WOMEN OF GERHART HAUPTMANN.

WHEN lovely Pippa appears in old Huhn's dark, musty hut, the fragrance and charm of her presence so affects the ardent heart of this man of the woods, this demi-centaur, that a sudden intoxication drives him staggering out of his hovel into the open, his knees shaking with painful rapture and voluptuous delight. Hellriegel and Pippa see him through the window, standing like a fearsome sylvan god, his beard and eyelids heavy with hoary frost, his outspread hands raised high. Thus he stands motionless, his closed eyes turned toward the east, and, as the first rays of the morning sun strike his scarred eyelids, he shouts. It is the shout of a Cyclops in the deepest mountain-cleft, suddenly awakened to the glory of the dazzling sun. It is an unintelligible sound, swelling on mightily and then, at last, expiring in a sigh. Hellriegel listens. The sound grips him, though he can hardly fathom its meaning. Timidly groping for its purport, he whispers with dawning comprehension: "It sounds like . . . it sounds like . . . like a message; like *ju-jumalai* it sounds like to me." And, when Pippa, repeating the word, asks him what it means, he feels again the inarticulate, wordless rapture of the call. "Methinks, it means joy for all," he says, and tears run down his cheeks. The call sounds stronger, ever stronger, while a mighty flood of light pours forth its waves as the winter sun rises amid thundrous glory over the icy ramparts of the majestic mountain-chain. Thus did Pippa, daughter of a thoroughbred Italian knave and of a whim of God which, in the form of a woman, had passed a royal night with him, draw the primeval call from the stony breast of the savage old Huhn.

Such is the cry inspired by Pippa, the tenderest, most ethereal, most mysterious creature in Hauptmann's galaxy of women. She represents the highest rapture, the essence of the secret longing that consumes us all. It is the longing that expires only with the last flame of desire which, in dying, destroys the poor soul that it holds in its torturing grip.

"Dying" may not be the proper word. When, in Hauptmann's cosmos, the heart stops beating, the characters do not walk off the stage; the last act does not end the play. Rather, the completion of a world has been achieved, and be it Florian Geyer or Mother Wolffen who

falls, victim of the inexorable reaper, one is not as much impressed as one is by the close of the episode of Maria or Posa, whose disembodied ideas flare up over their shrouds in a belated flame. The fate of Schiller's characters affects us only through the music of his verses. His characters are not real; they are not of this world. God and nature are only the means by which to create a mood. Death is the result of a special arrangement, an intellectual demonstration of the concepts of love, of punishment, of penitence and of other moral complexes. But Hauptmann's characters have an organic justification. They grow as plants grow, or as the sound of a sea-shell, which comes to our ears on the waves of the air, swells on and dies out; but in the depths of our heart we hear it eternally, long after it has been swallowed up by the roar of the universe. Thus do the people grow whom the magic touch of this poet has brought into life; thus do they grow into death. He does not kill them by chance. They simply depart; depart when their soul has been used up. To ashes, to earth, to leaf, to rind. Thus Pippa, departing like a dying ray of the sun, fades out before the eyes of old Wann, whom Hauptmann has set apart from the current of events, and who, lost in enigmatical contemplation, abides patiently; a humble, lofty nature who, in the whirring of insect-wings, hears the breathing of the spheres. It is significant that only in this later creation does such a character appear, a mediator between God and the poet; a character against whose cold glow the other characters are sharply silhouetted, as they hurry without rest to the day of their doom; hurry, with that cry in their hearts, irresistibly impelled to spend themselves.

It has been stated before that none of Gerhart Hauptmann's characters is episodic in the sense in which the secondary characters in German classical literature are episodic. Hauptmann does not exploit his characters for purposes of symbolism, propaganda or stage-technique, as Schiller does, for example, or Wedekind or Unruh, dissimilar though these writers be in their dramatic method. To place a pre-eminent personage among a group of secondary characters only in order that he may feed on their vitality, is a temptation to which Hauptmann does not yield; for his comprehensive view takes in the whole world with its splendour and its misery; his is not the eye of the stage-craftsman but that of the poet. To this may be ascribed the fact that in his earlier works the dramatic weight seems to be deliberately distributed. This is not so in his mass-drama "The Weavers," the first genuinely revolutionary German play since Büchner; neither is it so in his "Florian Geyer." How truly alive every character is, even though the poet may have put only a half-dozen words into his mouth; as, for instance, Karlstadt, Rector Besermeyer, and particularly the camp-follower Marei. The manner in which that poor peasant girl is precipitated into the whirlpool of fate in the midst of the general heroic debacle, in contrast to the sluggish, cold-blooded Grumbacher woman, who has only a few words to say and only one thing to do, is incomparable. Heavily shod, her poor young breast already wounded beneath its coarse linen covering, Marei stands ever ready to serve the leader of the peasant crowd. One breathes the fragrance of her brown skin mellowed by the rough winds of the camp. Once, when danger is stalking in the streets, the black knight calls to her from among the crowd of men: "The hair of the blessed Virgin is not as dear to me as your own." When brave Tellermann proudly expires, she is asked where man spends his first two nights after death; and lo! she has a pious heart and knows! She reminds one somehow of an old folk-song whose stanzas are few, but filled with an austere sweetness that brings tears to one's eyes. The resigned longing of the silent multitude, those conscious slaves, is in her. To die for what is good, as she has lived, simply and without ostentation; such is her nature. Thus Hauptmann drew, in his most virile play, one of his finest female characters.

But Marei is always of the mass; she is one of them; it is that and not her womanhood, which impels her to follow them. It is not important to seek the reason for

her self-sacrifice. We can only divine the subdued sweetness of Marei's mysterious being. In "Henry of Auë" the poet has created the psycho-dramatic counterpart. In this five-act drama, written with a wealth of linguistic force and splendour unmatched in any other of his works, one single feeling, the awakening of love in a girl's heart, is developed until, reaching its highest point, it finds ecstatic spiritual expression. One gets an entirely different view of Gerhart Hauptmann in this work, of which when it appeared in 1902, Paul Schlenker enthusiastically declared that in his opinion it marked a most glorious beginning of the German dramatic literature of the new century.

Never was Hauptmann more intensely conscious of God than when he wrote "And Pippa Dances." The longing for the bright beauty of spring, for the fragrance of women, for the unutterable thrill of the heart under the starry southern sky, the restlessness born of ecstatic desire; all these cast their magic like a tender melody over Pippa's light steps, her sweet smile, and her unexpected death, as startling as the breaking of a glass on a still night. Pippa is divine music, while Ottegebe remains an earthly harmony. In the powerful orchestra of human desires there are tones ranging from the silvery bell of chastity to the wild cry of raging lust. Hauptmann catches all human passions in a net of euphony, with a mastery of style that is unsurpassed in the literature of the world.

Much has been said, particularly by some of Hauptmann's impartial friends, against "Henry of Auë." Objections are directed chiefly against the apparent combination of naturalism and mysticism; against the miracle of the recovery of the leprous Henry. Alfred Kerr who, in his criticisms of Hauptmann's works, has caught his spirit better than most, objects to the supposed effect of the condition of mind upon skin-diseases. Also, Henry's self-conquest, in preventing Ottegebe's self-sacrifice, is belittled because his infidelity prevented him from believing in the efficacy of her heroic act. The thought of devotion has the stronger hold upon Ottegebe for its not being inspired by a belief in a divine mission but by the fervour of her blood. The postulation of Ottegebe's readiness for death most convincingly demonstrates the relative position of the sexes; and the subsequent, balancing deed, the account of which Hauptmann, not merely from technical considerations but from true poetic perception of its minor importance, has put into the narrative, is merely a powerful psychic reflex. The great closing act, which, after the sombre tones of torment and the abysmally deep sorrow of the preceding acts, sounds like a clear fanfare of exulting joy, reminds one, by its epic lyricism and its canorous close, of the cheerful, moonlit end of some of Shakespeare's plays.

Indeed, in "Henry of Auë," Hauptmann has penetrated into the holy of holies of human nature. The physical world is taken into account only as far as organic necessity demands; no external influences of any kind help or hinder this duel between two hearts, the like of which is not fought in any other of Hauptmann's works. That is why Ottegebe, the deathless bride, radiates a purer light than do Hannele, Gersuind, Rautendelein, and, in some respects, a purer light than Griselda, Sidselill or those almost silent, almost nameless creatures who, like the waitress in "Crampton" seem suddenly to step out of the wall. Hauptmann fashions his highly polished style to adorn the tenderest theme, and behind the multi-coloured transparency of his words, as behind church-windows, the wedding is celebrated by the festive crowd. He profoundly touches upon things ultimate. The whole gamut of woman's emotions is run, and the whole province of man's struggles explored. The background of the great panorama is, necessarily, Nature, with her countless voices whose exultant ensemble forms the impressive atmosphere of the opening scenes; with her impending destiny, in likeness of the melancholy autumnal fall of the leaves; with the blackness of her night which envelops the struggle of souls that takes place in the hermitage; and with her cheerful repose of the day, which casts its peaceful light upon the blessed issue.

True, Ottegebe is a child of the teeming soil, endowed with a spark of its volcanic, creative power; a peasant girl stirred to the most sublime womanhood. That is why her ecstasy is never spiritual, as it appears to her good, heavy-minded parents with their lifeless, colourless creed; nor, in spite of her flagellant madness, is she ever nervous like a city girl; Hauptmann's heroic women never are. They are, at bottom, all proletarians, in the finest meaning of the term; exemplars of supreme womanhood.

It is a beautiful legend of mother love that one finds in his "Griselda," where the union of man and wife is broken by their child, and where the separation is prevented only by the painfully profound wisdom: "You must love me less, beloved." This feeling of autumnal resignation comes from a fervent heart, but is tempered by the cooling touch of reason. Yet, after all, it is resignation. The bridal song is finished, and with their child they turn from life's sublimities to its early innocence; and behold, suddenly all things somehow seem to refer to this third being. Motherhood, life's most tragic ordeal, forces the woman into a new form of existence. It is not merely saccharine sentiment when Ottegebe at the close of the drama ends her first life with the words: "Now will I die the blessed death!"

The great guiltlessness which is the sum of all the guilt of suffering mankind is never quite understood by the poets, excepting when they withdraw their aged characters—whatever charm these may still possess—from the hurly-burly of events, assigning to them a super-dramatic, that is to say, a non-dramatic rôle. That the wise Prospero in Shakespeare's "The Tempest" is only mildly radiating goodness, in spite of all his benevolence, is logical. He stands aside from the current of events and, detached from good and evil, exercises almost divine jurisdiction, and addresses his soliloquies to his spirit-partner. But if the dramatic author does not practise renunciation, if he does not rise above the grim temper of the Trojan hate-drama and of "Timon," the question of the suffering souls: "who is to blame?" is ever left unanswered. That question sounds unceasingly from every line of the drama "Rose Bernd" in the creation of whose second female character Hauptmann exhibits an unforgettable simplicity and a great mastery of plastic touch. Rose Bernd, having sustained the injury inflicted by a man, has now to bear the cruelties of the world. She gets into trouble, drawn into a noose controlled by an invisible hand; on the long ravellings of the rope that strangles Rose, her father, Flamm and his wife, and Stockmann writhe in agony. The more they struggle, the deeper they sink into the bog of hopeless misery; and when, in the end, the victims are done for, nobody knows why. All this *had* to happen; but the victims do not know it. Their reason is groping, their brains febrile, their hearts a-throb with agony—all in vain; there is no answering gleam in the stern face of destiny. Only August Keil, the insignificant bridegroom of the wheezing lungs and the pallid countenance, sustained by the manna of his humble puritanic piety; only he does not torment himself with a futile desire for light. Not even the strong-minded Frau Flamm, who sees Rose drawn by her husband into the ruins of his own wrecked life, is equal to Keil in firmness of faith. Keil brings his whole store of glorious compassion to aid the unfortunate Rose on her way to redemption; but he does not quite succeed in penetrating the armour of obstinate reserve by which she shuts off all approach to her wounded heart. She is, indeed, lonely, but she stubbornly rebuffs all help, with a gloomy apathy that precludes inquiry into the continuity of events, into their causation, and admits only of suffering and self-torment.

The change that takes place in the heroine of the epos, "Anna," is evident only in its effect on the surprised stammering of the youthful and passive Luz. This sudden reduction of a human soul to a state of unalloyed misery is shown in "Rose Bernd" far more plainly than in "Anna." But in "Anna" the poet was erecting a memorial to one whom he had adored in his early youth, and this was possible only through the impersonation of the poet by Luz, the hero of the epos. It is through the

eyes of Luz that we behold Anna; but the various stages of her development are not revealed to us. For Hauptmann, who in "Anna" had evidently revived a long latent creative impulse, was able to conjure up in his memory only the bold outlines of his early experience. With Rose, we have a painful and distinct consciousness of the uncertainty of her fate; but the issue of Anna's obstinacy we can only vainly conjecture. Rose, whose male counterpart Hauptmann created in Arnold Kramer, is already tainted with callousness. In spite of Keil she is alone; as much alone as Mother Wolfen and Frau John; as much alone as his women of renunciation, Anna Mahr and her later successor, Lucy Heil.

For Ottegebe, on the other hand, life will always be a pæan of happiness. In her all-conquering exultation she is never alone; for the world has surrendered to her in her apparent conqueror, man. That is why Ottegebe is the active principle but not the heroine of "Henry of Auë."

The name "lonely people" is not merely an empty distinction given to Vockerat and Anna Mahr; it is the noble brand gleaming on the brows of all of Hauptmann's characters whom some unknown, gigantic hand has stricken dumb; their hearts bleed in silence and a deadly apathy renders them powerless to act. Men are lonely; all but a few clowns. Women too are lonely; all of those at least who, like the men, have become callous, as needs they must in life's struggle, when fate denies them the one thing that makes a broad life possible: complete devotion. Enslaved by the spirit of earthly things, they shrivel.

Over the fallen victims, good and bad, be they Rose Bernd, Anna Mahr, Frau Flamm or Evelin Schilling, the small band of Hauptmann's women marches on, led by Ottegebe, holding aloft the banner of glorious unconcern and the shining cross of devotion. They pass on to their elysian home, where our eyes can not follow them. We feel the air stirred by the swish of their garments, and hear faint strains of heavenly harmonies, and the melody of the old, well-known words: "Now will I die the blessed death."

MANFRED GEORG.

(Translated from the German by Joseph Dick.)

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN: XII.

LONDON, August, 1922.

HERE we are in the thick of it. M. Herriot, the Radical-Socialist Mayor of Lyons has been in Berlin on his way to Moscow. I do not attach the slightest importance to his Radical-Socialism but I am greatly excited by the fact that he is the Mayor of Lyons.

If, as I have done, despairing of Paris, you take motor and go south you will, as you approach Lyons, say to yourself: "Dear me, but this is alive. Dear me, but this is France!" And you will wonder how this France can tolerate M. Poincaré whom the Germans call "*der Wahnsinnige von Paris*." The answer is probably that France doesn't. M. Poincaré dare not ask for more than a certain amount of money; hence his *Wahnsinn*; and M. Herriot's journey gives one to think that when Paris makes too awful a hash of things, Lyons takes matters into its own hands and goes and calls on Berlin and Moscow to find out if what Paris says is true, as it is probably not. The line of action is obvious. M. Herriot represents what is alive in France, losing patience with what is dead. Now I want to know what is going to happen when the Mayor of Lyons gets together with the Mayor of Manchester and the Mayor of Chicago. What about your nationality then? All these three functionaries represent the same kind of organizations and interests. They have no means of threatening each other with destruction and they have to bargain meat for cotton, cotton for silk, silk for machinery. Frontiers do not matter to them, customs and exchange are just a nuisance, and they all want to make money by shifting their goods. If they can not shift their goods their townspeople will starve.

Paris, like London by Manchester and New York-Washington by Chicago, is threatened by the necessity of

Lyons and by the absolute necessity for a more direct collaboration between the commercial centres of each economic unit, which can no longer afford to conduct their affairs through politico-financiers because they will insist on lifting too much money out of them for themselves and their friends. Paris says London must go first, and London stands aside in favour of New York-Washington, but they will all stay where they are until the industrials cut off their supplies. It is, in the abstract, a delightful situation, one which, as an abstract observer, I have had the privilege of enjoying for over a year. In reality it is dangerous and disgusting, and for that reason not to be mentioned in polite society.

I would not mention it—and indeed I keep on vowing to eschew politics and sociology altogether—but that New York-Washington looks like trying to do something about it, whereas all it can possibly do is to turn to the Mayor of Chicago and say: "We are very sorry, but the machine of which we are a part has broken down and we are reluctantly compelled to leave the matter to the machine of which you are a part. This M. Herriot of Lyons is moving already. You see, national treasuries, having no goods or control of goods other than futile implements of war, are impotent. Your manufacturing towns have goods and the control of goods and a cinch on agricultural areas; perhaps you may agree among yourselves upon some kind of currency acceptable to you all." But alas, I am afraid New York-Washington feels important, and when anybody does that it is all up with him. He gets it into his head that the world is going to keep him for ever and ever. For all I know Mayor Herriot may be in that condition, but I am certain that Lyons is not, and just at present it is towns and not men that matter, because there are millions and millions of people living in towns who are paying more than they can afford for their food. There is plenty of food in the world and the people in the towns are going to get it as cheaply as possible.

People do not live in towns out of caprice but because, taking things by and large, it is more convenient and pleasanter and life is there neither so monotonous nor so overpowering. What is a town? Only a large blacksmith's shop; and the social struggle is one long conflict between the farmer and the blacksmith over their joint product, the food that both must eat. Who deserves most, the man who makes the plough or he who uses it? There are of course complications, but they are in the main irrelevant to the central issue.

Before there were blacksmiths you (or your women) scratched at a goodish piece of earth until it was exhausted, and then you went and drove out the people on the next good patch, appropriating both their earth and their female labour. The blacksmith made life a little less simple than that by making the earth with the application of male labour more productive, and once that process started there was no stopping it though it was galling to polygamous chieftains and witch-doctors who unfortunately had established such an ascendancy over the human mind that it is only just beginning to show signs of cracking although the blacksmith's shop has grown to the size of Chicago or Glasgow. Your male still dreams of owning a lot of women and of being terrifyingly famous, and there are still chieftains in Wall Street and witch-doctors in Washington though neither is of the slightest use either to the farmer or the blacksmith. Perhaps the women like them. I sometimes think that women really dislike any human being older than about three months and rejoice in anything that slugs the adult mind out of existence. However that may be, a situation has arisen in which people are finding chieftains and witch-doctors too expensive. The blacksmith can not live on iron. He must get food in return for his ploughs and implements and he is desperate because, having made guns and shells for years, he finds it impossible to get food for them and has been put off with the IOU's of the chieftains and witch-doctors, who were the middle-men between himself and the farmer. You can't eat iron and you can't eat IOU's. The only hope is to turn out ploughs and implements fast enough to ensure a mighty increase in next year's crops.

It ought almost to be possible by now to gauge the pitch of hunger that a community must feel before it begins to pine for the voice of common sense. These blacksmith-towns have hammered out a new kind of mind, quicker and more sensitive; indeed, as yet, too sensitive, since it is subject to fits of violent irritation through the persistence of old and undesired thoughts and prejudices and bucolic-farmer-superstitions like the belief in chieftains and witch-doctors. This irritation will subside in time as the causes of it are removed, but meanwhile it makes the world a difficult place to live in, because the new mind has not yet evolved a weather-sense; I mean the power to anticipate the moral weather of humanity as instinctively as the farmer perceives the tricks that nature's weather has in store for him. Perhaps that is impossible until the blacksmith is as honest in his work as the farmer must be in his. You can not cheat nature and perhaps that is why swindling human nature is the daily occupation of mankind—I say perhaps only by way of suggestion because I am convinced that human nature is of the same stuff as Nature, as deep, as powerful, as remorseless, as indifferent and, with honesty, as rich and generous. Through the blacksmith we have escaped from nature into human nature only to find the difficulties (and the joys) of life enlarged and intensified.

So be it.

This, finally, is my meaning. We lunatics in Europe are eyeing each other amid the ruins of our national organizations and saying: "America will help! America must help!" Still, mark you, harping on the illusion that America is a nation like ourselves, still pathetically believing that the remnant of national, which is agricultural or farmer, organization, can be of use in helping our blacksmith-towns out of their difficulty. It is, on the face of it, so absurd that no one can see its absurdity; but men are like that. They will die rather than face themselves the real cause of their misfortunes, but must send some poor goat into the wilderness, as though a dead goat more or less could make the slightest difference. They will not now believe that there is no money, not even in America, and that there can be no money until goods are moving freely again from one part of the earth's surface to another. Rich men have no money. They have only the impudence to borrow, and they are wise enough to limit that capacity to themselves.

The blacksmith-towns have grown entirely in order to facilitate the transportation of goods (Great Britain is only one large port). The farmer-States, a ludicrous survival, have hung on so long entirely through their vicious habit of taking toll on the transportation of goods which it has been their sole interest to impede as much as possible within the margin of risk. That margin has gone. The final fatal risk has been taken. The game is up, and the sooner the Mayor of Chicago gets busy the better for the wretched inhabitants of the five continents. You can lend towns money. But countries? The poor must not borrow because they can not do so without disaster.

As I say, we are in the thick of it and it will not be long before I shall be able to write serenely of the jolly things of life without a thought of money or witch-doctors. I shall revel then in plays and books and domestic happiness and food and the odd people who go down my street o' nights, from the poor old woman who picks crusts out of the ash-bin to the rich family who play bridge all night and never, never for a moment, stop eating and drinking. Great fun, I promise you.

GILBERT CANNAN.

PHANTOM.

XX

EVEN on the very day when I had first seen little Veronica Harlan and, on arriving at home, was forced to attest the alteration of my visual power, I awaited with impatience the beginning of my duties. The mere walk to the office assuaged the high-strung condition from which I was suffering, because it brought me closer to the spot where I had seen the child. Incidentally, I exchanged at once, and with a positiveness which was not otherwise in keeping with my retiring nature, my seat in the muni-

cipal office for that of another clerk, a seat by the window, from which one could keep the whipping-post in view.

On one of these days my office chief informed me that an increase in salary had been granted me. This was a recognition of my competence which, coming one day earlier, would have transported me into a delirium of happiness. To-day I only half listened. Then three or four days passed before I informed my mother of the fact, which I should formerly have done, most likely, in the selfsame hour.

Of course I did not yet know the girl's name, or whose daughter she was.

I felt very clearly that in knowing her surname, but especially her given name, I should possess an inestimable treasure, a part of her; that must be balm for my wounds, refreshment for my torturing sensations of hunger and thirst. For, as I now saw with terror, I, an unassuming person who had so far lacked nothing, one might say, that made for a comfortable and modest pursuance of my existence, began to feel the want of the most needful thing of all: light for my eyes, air for my lungs, music for my ears, spring-water and bread. All this could only be granted me graciously by the favour of my indispensable mediator. My state was pitiable.

As I read this over, it sounds high-flown to the last degree. Well, I will by no means maintain that I was at that time a man with a pulse-beat of fifty-eight and a temperature of ninety-five degrees. Nor should it be thought that I had not tried everything to free myself from the state of dependence into which I had fallen. To the burning mania of all my senses, which craved satiety and revivification in the girl's presence, I opposed ever anew the attempt to satisfy their morbid appetites in other ways.

In the first days I weighed every possible manner of flight; not only that of suicide. I resolved to put an end to this with a firm, powerful decision of my will, and to free myself from the senseless power of this imagination. I did not succeed. Often I thought I had succeeded, when, for example, I had spent whole nights cramming for my teacher's examination, with redoubled effort in comparison to my former zeal. But ultimately I had always to recognize that the disease had progressed unremittingly, that the fever had become more intense, the complication more insoluble.

And so the other possible method of deliverance was once more undertaken. That meant the attempt to afford these senses, which had now become awakened and greedy, at least partial satisfaction.

My deliberations were about like this: Try to get her given name into your power. You will chew upon it like a cud, and with it quench your thirst as the desert-wanderer, if you like, does with a stone. You will at all events experience a blissful enjoyment in it, feel it even in your dying, if you should perhaps die of thirst after all. Try to see her, if only from a distance. Stare at her long and ever anew, until she has radiated all her beams upon you, as it were, and squandered them. Then she will have become cold and rayless and can burn you no more, get at you no more. Or else her rays will continue to stream out, but you will be sated and oversated and therefore hardened to them. Try to speak with her and beg her to take her destructive witchery from you. She must be able to do so since she is herself the witch. Try to secure a picture, a photograph of her, and carry on a cult of mysteries with it behind locked doors. The picture can not resist your furious kisses, and you can perhaps cool your fires for ever. Seek a confessor: a confidant to whom you can speak openly will take the frightful tension from your breast. You will pour out your heart, and he will take the half of your burden on himself. The invisible beloved will become visible, audible, in short, present, in your spoken words, and the habit of even this presence will perhaps remove the deadly pain of separation, and probably dull by habituation the tormenting need of having the beloved object

present.

Unfortunately fear had so driven me back into my own soul that for the first four weeks I betrayed my condition to no one by even so much as a hint. But because I thought that people might detect it from outward appearance, I hesitated to take any steps whatever, however cautious, to find out even the name of the girl.

XXI

About a fortnight had passed, during which my condition showed no improvement. Like a malignant growth which if not cut out spreads and spreads and finally consumes the entire body on which it is parasitic; such was the relation between the terrible and lovely vision and my soul. The actualities about me really no longer existed at all. Breslau had become a city of fantasy, perhaps a Vineta,¹ in which I was in search of a palace of blue turquoise and the queen of the water-fairies who must surely live there, and from which I rose only under compulsion.

Nobody remarked the change at first, as I did my best to conceal the malady that was couched within me, and successfully played before others the part of my former self.

XXII

Besides, my mother's attention was at that time diverted from my person by vexation and anxiety over my sister Melanie, which she felt more keenly than I. Mother discovered little by little all sorts of things in her drawers and closets which she could not possibly have bought with her wages, she being a maker of flower-wreaths. Long *suede* gloves, open-work silk stockings, bronze-coloured shoes, lace-trimmed shirts, a hat with an ostrich plume, new and stylish dresses, a new coat, and many other valuables which far exceeded the capacity of her miserable purse.

I had paid little attention to the transformation in my sister, and if I had had my mind on things as of old, I should have taken her seriously to task. As it was, I did indeed support my mother, who feebly appealed to Melanie's conscience and tried to force her to a confession, and perhaps to a conversion, but with a tolerance towards the possible straying of my sister which visibly astonished my mother. It came to a break between my mother and Melanie, who declared that she was of age and dependent neither on the home nor the support of my mother. And as all this in a certain sense was really true, she ran away, and then stayed away, after she had once returned, packed her things, piled them up in a cab, and taken them with her.

Mother spent sleepless nights. She said, "I foresee only too clearly how she will end. She will not spare her old mother the shame of seeing her honest name disgraced, and will at the same time ruin your hard-earned career as teacher. For they do not appoint a teacher whose sister is in the underworld of the same city."

Mother did not dream, thank God, how little impression that apprehension made on me even then.

Strangely enough, I felt myself at this time, so critical for me, more than ever drawn to father Stark and his daughter. It may have been in consequence of the need of confession which I felt, as already mentioned. Although I did not satisfy the need even here, and though I gave neither the old bookbinder nor his daughter any hint of my experience, yet in their presence I felt enveloped by hearts that loved and understood.

The old man, my present father-in-law—I hear his calm, kindly voice in the shop below—the old man was not only a bookbinder, but he also read many of the books he bound; indeed he himself composed some little stories for calendars.² Moreover, people came to him

when they needed a bridal or obituary poem, or the like. In the composition of such things he had acquired a certain reputation. He possesses to this day an almost unlimited quantity of them, and some day perhaps an attractive selection of them can be made.

I wrote my first poem at that time in a manner that is hardly clear to myself. I discovered it, as it were, at the moment when I had written the final period. I shall never forget the joy that was depicted in the face of the old bookbinder when he had read through this poem that I had brought him, and learned that it was born of my pen. He praised it then in the strongest terms.

"Man, man, why you're a great poetic genius. Here's a fellow squatting in a corner, doing a coolie's work just to buy a crust of bread, and writing things that are worthy of a Goethe and a Schiller." In this vein my present father-in-law used to talk, and always added, "But now it's time for me to take my own scrawls, this wretched waste paper, and burn it."

XXIII

Upon the supreme critical day, for such was the twenty-eighth of May, followed another equally critical one, which as the sixteenth of June, 1900, deserves to be set down indelibly in the book of my life.

The morning was beautiful, and I had the presumption to indulge myself during the lunch-period in a couple of hot Wieners, which I bought at the entrance to the Schweidnitz Ratskeller, and ate.

At this moment my eyes were directed to the so-called Golden Cup side of the Breslau Ring, about in the region of the large, well-known hardware-store of Emmo Harlan, whose sign, by the way, I saw continually from my desk in the office.

Suddenly I experienced the utmost consternation. It could not possibly be an illusion—no, what I clearly saw before my eyes could only be the little princess of the whipping-post.

Oh, how I had stared at that post through my window from early till late, as if the girl must suddenly issue forth from it. In fancy I had again and again wreathed that post in roses from top to bottom. I had again and again circled about the post like a fool, without stopping for the scoffing of the passers-by.

This time the enchanting, lovely miracle of beauty was riding in an elegant wicker carriage drawn by two tiny dappled ponies. She had the reins of the little horses in her hand (behind her was a little lackey, beside her sat her governess). She was wearing a picture-hat, and under it was once more the glorious flowing hair which at the very first glance had had such a magically infatuating effect upon me.

If I picture to myself in reverse order, as it were, what took place then, some little exaggeration may creep in; but thereby I shall, after all, approximate somewhat the state into which I was helplessly thrown on that day. A coachman who was washing an elegant pony-chaise with his trousers and sleeves rolled up, took the whip which stood in the socket on the box of that same chaise, and cracked it several times loudly before my face.

Only now did I observe where I was standing. In the long courtyard of Emmo Harlan's house, which was overcrowded with scrap-iron, plough-shares, etc., and on which the windows of the salesrooms opened. The handsome, old-fashioned building was known all over town by the name of the Harlan house.

Now it struck me that an elegant gentleman and an elegant lady had appeared in the windows of the second story and had motioned and spoken to some one in the yard.

The place towards which their signs and words had been directed was now empty. It was in front of a little porch, like a church-portal, built of blocks of hewn sandstone.

While they were motioning and speaking, a small wicker carriage stopped before the porch, and an old

¹Translator's note: A once famous Wendish port on the island of Wollin in the Baltic. The destruction of a near-by stronghold by the northmen (1098) gave rise to the legend that the town had been engulfed by the sea. Sunken rocks in that vicinity are regarded as the ruins of Vineta.

²Translator's note: Annual publications of rather higher type than the *Farmers' Almanac*, but serving a similar purpose.

servant lifted out of it a childlike girl whose face, of the most delicate pink, breathed health, youth, and happiness. She stroked the ponies and let them take sugar from her little white-gloved hands before she disappeared with her governess under the porch.

I was staring after the child when the cracking whip-lash whizzed close by my ear. However, something else must have happened: for why else had so many employees' heads crowded into the windows of the vaulted salesrooms, all staring out at me?

"What do you want, anyway?" a well-dressed young man, probably a clerk, suddenly asked me. "Nothing," I responded somewhat taken aback. "Well, but then why were you running like mad after the young mistress's carriage?"

This second question I answered, to my knowledge, only by a shrug of the shoulders; whereupon I was taken on each side by the arms, and amid general laughter, which seemed to come from everywhere, I was led by two coachmen or porters, not at all brutally, out through the driveway into the Ring, where they left me standing in the stream of traffic.

I think I stood there a long time before I began to move my feet.

XXIV

That morning, that whole day, I did not return to the office, although I had an urgent piece of work to finish. Neither did I go home, and I think that for the very first time since she was widowed my mother had to wait dinner and supper for me in vain. It was towards nine o'clock in the morning when my mother saw me again.

All that time I had walked about restlessly, without eating or drinking. An immense fear had pervaded me when I finally came to myself before the porch of that patrician house. I recognized that here was something which had gotten me in its power without my will, indeed against my will, and had commanded me.

But if this was so, could not this something, this Daemon which was possessing me, misuse me for still worse things? It was this fear that was calling into the lists all my healthy powers to fight against that Daemon.

I shall remain as cool as possible, and if you like be a little superficial again, in the account of my restless roving, rather than perhaps let my spirit be once more clouded by its confusion, or even entangled in it. First I walked about in the streets and lanes of the city, until I reached the Oder somewhere and followed its banks upstream out of the town.

Even at the beginning of my wanderings, my feeling was that I had gone astray and was already far, far away from the familiar and peace-girt spot where I had dwelt in security before the apparition at the whipping-post had entered my life. There is a dream that most people have probably dreamed. On a certain day and at a fixed hour you must be at such and such a place. Very much depends on your being punctual. Unpunctuality, and still more your utter failure to arrive, involves irreparable and painfully severe material and spiritual losses. Never again will that opportunity return, if you miss it. Now, however, this is the torturing course of the dream, that you can not possibly overcome the incomprehensibly numerous hindrances, in order to reach your destination at the right time; you lack a collar, a shirt, some other important article of clothing, and when you have found one, another has disappeared. If you have finally reached the station in spite of everything, then you have boarded the wrong train, and suffer the distress of travelling in the opposite direction and withdrawing farther and farther from the place you wish to reach. Finally the train may stop, but the door of your compartment will not open, and before you can get off, the train is shunted onto a ferry, perhaps, and you are suddenly in mid-ocean on a trip around the world from which you can hope to return only after years. . . . Such, roughly, was my condition at the beginning and during the course of my

wandering. It became more torturing from hour to hour.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

(Translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan.)

(To be continued.)

THE THEATRE.

THE GERMAN ACTOR.

FOUR years of war left the elaborate machinery of the German theatres intact. Four years of the purgatory called peace have even seen a sharp advance in electrical equipment. Critics and managers of the victorious nations and of the neutrals who enjoy a sound exchange may complain of the quantity and quality of theatre-goers; but the vanquished have suffered less. At forty performances in Germany and Austria I saw hardly two rows of vacant seats all told in the dramatic theatres, though one or two musical shows were no more than two-thirds full.

The German theatre has suffered, however, in one spot. The unfortunate truth is that it is a vital spot—acting. Only the richness of trained talent in its post-war companies enables it to suffer the drain of the past years and still give performances far better than those one may see in England or America. War affected the German actor less than it did the actor in the allied countries; Germany kept her players on the home front, fighting disheartenment. Peace and the movies, however, brought dispersal. Companies were scattered, players exiled.

The spectacular collapse, of course, was the dissolution of Max Reinhardt's famous company that filled his two Berlin theatres. Moissi, Bassermann, Pallenberg, Konstantin, Eibenschütz, Wegener, Dietrich, Arnold, Lehman, Eysoldt, Bertens, Diegelmann, Heims, Jannings, Schildkraut—not one of these names appears on the *Zettel* outside the old Reinhardt houses. Some are in the movies and some are stars, but all are gone.

If American films could have entered Germany in the face of the depreciated mark, Reinhardt's theatres might be still giving true repertoire, Reinhardt himself might still be there, and certainly many of the old company would be playing together in Berlin. Other factors, personal, financial and artistic, gradually drew Reinhardt out of production, but he himself declared with much truth that repertoire was impossible when actors had to give their days to the movies, instead of to rehearsals, and that the theatre was impossible for him without repertoire and actors. As for the players themselves, with the mark at a cent and pomade at two hundred marks, it must be either the movies or stardom.

The star-system of England and America, imported into Germany, has done little to keep even the popular players in Berlin. The audience is exhausted sooner than in New York or London, and then tours must come. Alexander Moissi knocks about Switzerland and Austria. Leopoldine Konstantin, the flashing slave girl of "Sumurun," is supposed to be starring in Vienna, but one finds her one night at Der Blaue Vogel, the imitation "Chauve-Souris" which one of Baliev's assistants has installed in Berlin. Pallenberg goes up and down the country with "Der Wauwau," the German edition of "Grumpy."

Even the younger stars are wanderers. That fresh, exotic actress, Maria Orska, competes with the travelling troupe of the Moscow Art Theatre for the patronage of Stockholm. She plays in the cosmopolitan German of a Russian, against the Swedish of a resident

company. The play is Wedekind's "Erdgeist," the first half of that staggering duology of sex which ends with "Pandora's Box" and Jack the Ripper, and goes under the name of "Lulu." In Berlin, Mme. Orska is thought a little sensational. Her Lulu is anything but that. She does not dwell on the corporeality of this daughter of earth's joy. Her Lulu is not a human being made hideous and fascinating with eternal lures. She is a kind of mask, a thin mask, a shell of tinted and whitened silks over a face sucked dry of all but passion and the shrunken charms of decadence. She is a sort of doll—a *Pritzelpuppe*—with her long black legs and her pale face thrust out from either end of a pierrot's costume. Very much of a doll when the play is most bitterly cruel. Dr. Goll flops to the floor when he finds her with Schwartz, the artist. Orska tiptoes stiffly toward him, manœuvres past his body like some marionette, pokes him with a stiff toe and squeaks the squeak of a doll. Is it fear or pleasure or both? A clever way to do Wedekind, but rather futile for the actress night after night, with only self-display to remember.

But Berlin—or Stockholm—is not Germany. There is ensemble-acting left in some of the lesser cities—there is even ensemble in Berlin at the State Schauspielhaus, if there is no great individual playing there.

The illustrious old Burgtheater in Vienna still has a company, if it lacks a distinguished director. They manage portions of Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse" very well. They give the episode of the gipsies' singing to Fedya and Mascha as it was never given in our own "Redemption." In the Burgtheater it is no discreet cabaret turn. The women and the men hang over the lovers. Their song is a frank and touching celebration of the love that their Mascha has won. It is an open display of sentimental interest in love-making, which people admit only when wine—and perhaps gipsy blood—has stilled inhibitions. But all this is doubtless more a matter of direction than of acting. It is in the old mother of Frau Senders, the aristocrats of Frau Willbrand and Herr Herterich, not quite so much so in the Fedya of Herr Treszler, that one finds real acting. It is hardly possible that the performance of Vildrac's "The S.S. Tenacity" is the best that the Burgtheater gives; but is a most excellent performance. It is peculiarly excellent, because, while it is not French, it seems so little German, in a racial sense. Artistically, of course, it is most decidedly Teutonic. It has the hard, firm quality of German acting. Copeau's production in Paris is a rational thing; it is almost like a reading, a very intelligent, sensitive reading. In New York we played it in flashes of misgiving and determination; it was unctuous in Augustin Duncan's roustabout and in Claude Cooper's English sailor, and fine and sensitive in Marguerite Forrest's rather ladylike barmaid; but the rest dropped in and out of illusion. The Viennese actors play for a bright and firm actuality, which they imagine is French. It is not precisely German, but technically it is as Teutonic in thoroughgoing emotionalism as the passionate kiss with which the Viennese players replace the salute on the nape of the neck with which the French Bastien begins his wooing.

Individual as well as ensemble acting flourishes in the large company that serves the four State theatres of Munich. It is a piece of good fortune that both opera and drama are under a single management, and that pieces may be given in any one of four houses—the small modernist Künstler Theatre of Max Littmann in the Ausstellung Park, the tiny, wickedly

cheerful old Residenz Theater, the reformist "amphitheatre" which Littmann created in the Prinzregenten Theater, or the National Theatre, just as much the conventional old-fashioned German opera house as when it was called the Hoftheater. These theatres, because of the large companies and the breadth of repertory which they are able to give efficiently and properly, provide some exceptional players, exceptionally well-trained and in an interesting variety of parts.

The Munich group can give that shock of virtuosity which the German repertory theatres provide, and give it at highest voltage. On one evening, for example, one discovers in "The Taming of the Shrew" a most exceptional Grumio. His name is Richard Kellerhals, and he is the sort of clown that appears once in ten years in America. He is not a Charlie Chaplin; perhaps that is a little too much to ask, but he outdoes any other movie-comic that I can recall. He is not a Jim Barton because he does not drive ahead at just one thing—gargantuan burlesque. Kellerhals plays Grumio with his face and his legs and his brain—his odd, wizened, little face, inordinately simple, just a bit loony; his acrobatic legs, quick and comic, getting him into all manner of strange places; his brain, always alert behind the mask of the loon, working out a dozen amusing twists of business. It seems a highly original performance, though perhaps it is merely tradition in Germany that Grumio should sniff the clothes of Biondello, and be sniffed at, all within the bounds of decency, but very like two dogs of their masters. At any rate, original or not, it is the sort of sharp, brilliant fooling that would make Kellerhals a musical comedy specialist in America, perhaps a star.

An evening or two later, out at the Ausstellung Park, one sees Hauptmann's play of the Peasants' Rebellion, "Florian Geyer." Almost the first figure one notices among the peasants who are trying desperately to make themselves far-seeing leaders in the fight against the trained nobles, is a gaunt fellow with his head in a bloody bandage, and with fever in his eyes. This is Geyer's brother-in-law and secretary in the field, a boy almost on the point of death who looks like a sickened man of thirty. The desperate impatience of the worn is mingled in his face with the fanatical devotion of the men who win lost causes. The cause is lost in the end, and after he has watched his disillusion pile upon quarrels and jealousies and treasons, he crumples up and dies. Every word of his tragedy can be read in his face. Looking at the programme one finds that the name of the actor is Richard Kellerhals. In America—if Kellerhals had acted this part before Grumio—he would be competing with William B. Mack in the playing of tortured gunmen the rest of his life.

Quite as good acting and almost as varied impersonations are to be seen in the work of Friedrich Ulmer as Petruchio and as Geyer. His Geyer—strong, simple, desperate in anger—is easy to imagine on our stage; Lionel Barrymore could do it. But his Petruchio—a coarse, bull-necked, and most amusing devil—is another matter. It sins against the pretty romance of our Van Dyked Shakespeare, and it is famously good fun, along with the whole riotous show.

Dresden has a company that seems to have no difficulty in playing Shaw's "Pygmalion" one night, in German provincial accents that are supposed to approximate the English dialects pursued and recorded by Professor Higgins under the portico of Covent Garden, and playing the next night a comic and poetic

romance of India called "Vasantasena" by a king called Sudraka. Here the performances of the women stand out rather more sharply than those of most of the men; in particular two fine performances, by Melitta Leithner as Eliza, the flower girl, and Alice Verden as Vasantasena. The company can not escape, however, a beefy German tenor-hero, one of the sort that seems in danger any moment of turning into a leading woman with a heavy beard.

Frankfort has perhaps less real acting talent than is to be found in any of the State theatres of the larger cities. It shows an atrocious performance of "Peer Gynt." Yet, given direction such as Richard Weichert furnishes in Schiller's "Maria Stuart," it seems a company of genius. Carl Ebert, a bad Peer Gynt, manages a Leicester of real subtlety; the Elizabeth of Gerda Müller seems a tempestuous horror, and the whole performance is lighted by many excellent small bits of acting.

There seems to be a certain hard, uncompromising insistence in all German acting. It is a thing, perhaps, of narrow spirit and deep intensity. It has unquestioned vitality. In Grabbe's old drama, "Napoleon," which Jessner gives at the State Schauspielhaus in Berlin, this vitality leaps to union most happily with the intoxication that Bonaparte spread about him always, and never more extraordinarily than in the Hundred Days which this play chronicles. It is all vitality, the impatient vitality of the soldiers of Wolfgang Heinz and Lothar Müthel, who await Napoleon's return, the besotted and sinister vitality of the new mob of the *carmagnole*, the energizing vitality of Rudolf Forster's Wellington, the sober, slow but potent vitality of Arthur Krauszneck's Blücher, and that font of indomitable self-assertion, Napoleon himself, played by Ludwig Hartau. Even the old Humpty-Dumpty Louis of Leopold von Ledebur, and the courtiers who prop him up on his throne, take on a certain fixity of purpose—perhaps a deathly fixity—from the vitality flowing round them.

In other performances of Jessner's company, this vitality flows over into mere vigour, even into violence. That is the besetting sin of the German actor. Fritz Kortner, celebrated for his Richard III and his Othello, ranges from unnatural suppression of feeling, from studied and almost whispered restraint, to mad screechings. An almost neurotic violence crops up somewhere in every other performance in Germany. Even the women fall into it. Gerda Müller's Elizabeth, after an evening of excellent, mastered power, breaks out into the hoarse-voiced raving that seems more a mark of the male players. Sudden spurts of laying it on too thick appear in some of the secondary players of "Florian Geyer." The comic villain of "Vasantasena" plays the whole thing in a knot of pretty passion. It is ranting, this sort of thing, no matter how far it may be from the orotund mouthings of our old-school players, no matter how much sharp characterization and genuine passion may be forced into it.

The performance of "Masse-Mensch" at the Volksbühne in Berlin stands out because it manages to carry intensity of feeling to a point just short of violence, and then, with every excuse provided in this desperate story of thwarted revolution, to bring it up short at the right moment into high-pitched but beautiful vehemence. The outstanding impression must be the astounding articulation of the mob that speaks clearly, rhythmically, and most movingly with a single common voice; it gives one a sudden vision of what the Greek

chorus may have been, and why thirty thousand people listened. But the power of Mary Dietrich as the Christ-figured, Christ-tortured woman is almost as unforgettable.

Looking back across these forty-odd performances, I find that a very simple and very brief bit of acting stands out as sharply as any. It is the quiet, sadly amusing, little Buddhist priest in "Vasantasena" as played by Erich Ponto. It is not a thing the German stage often discloses, this delicate mingling of humour and reverence. If it were, the people from Moscow who played "The Cherry Orchard" would not have seemed to come from the one land where acting is a rounded and tempered perfection.

KENNETH MACGOWAN

POETRY.

A RONDEAU OF SONNETS.

(In Memory of Andrew Lang.)

What sonnet do you fancy?—if indeed
You fancy any, now that verse is freed!
Shall it be Swinburne, Aldrich or divine
Rossetti that I read you, friend of mine?—
Or for what other shall you intercede?

So be it! Let us sate our sonnet greed
With him who satisfies that special need—
With Andrew, eh? And so, for auld Lang syne,
What sonnet?

Let us begin—and you, my friend, shall lead,
And I shall follow on a second steed
Borrowed from Villon or some other fine
Old rascal. *Voilà!* First a stoup of wine,
Then plunge to any page you will, and read
What's on it!

VINCENT STARRETT.

AGAINST INSECTS.

Our humble tillers of the soil,
Whose portion 'tis to plow and plant,
Take as their arbiter of toil
The ant.

Meek proletarians derive
The drudge's true philosophy
From that preceptor of the hive,
The bee.

But Solons of the modern State
Select a master less abstruse
Whom Gallic pundits designate
La puce.

The midge's lessons manifold
Are conned by financiers and thugs,
And all the cosmos is controlled
By bugs.

So let the few who nowadays
Have eyes to see and minds to judge
Unite their smouldering flames to raise
A smudge.

JOHN STRONG NEWBERRY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE HERRIN CLASH.

SIRS: In an inconspicuous place on its editorial page, the *New York Times* of 11 September has the following reference to the clash between the union miners and the mine-guards and non-union miners at Herrin:

"As it happens, not all the killing was done by the strikers. Theirs was the sensational and wholesale slaughter, but guns were first used by the mine-guards and some of the mine-officials were provocative and the reverse of tactful."

The *Times* must be off its feed a bit to admit that the mine-officials and their representatives were the ones who instigated and brought on the clash which resulted in death and bloodshed. Since it belatedly admits this significant fact, why not suggest that it make a front-page notice of the affair, attributing the primary guilt to the mine-officials, and calling

upon Attorney-General Daugherty to prosecute them in the name of law and order? It's a poor rule which doesn't work both ways. I am, etc.,
Hanover, New Hampshire.

JAMES G. STEVENS.

THE KINGDOM OF JOURNALISM.

SIRS: Perhaps I can satisfy your recently expressed curiosity regarding the mental condition of those editorial writers who turn out articles like the one which appeared in the *New York Times*—swallowing whole the latest Riga fable of the Associated Press on the Soviet's execution of some two million intellectuals.

I do not know the editorial writer in question, but I have known several on equally "respectable" journals. Do not judge them by their works. A few days ago, I talked to one who writes the entire editorial page of a well-known daily, widely quoted by the *Literary Digest* and similar organs.

"After my first week on the job," he said, "I gave up any idea of trying to express my own convictions on any important subject. The only mental effort I exercise now is in guessing just how reactionary the owners happen to be feeling on any particular matter. Now and then I take a chance and make an editorial about two degrees more reactionary, in a vague hope that it will have the opposite effect to that apparently intended."

This man's attitude is an excellent summary of the mental state of at least half-a-dozen other editorial writers on metropolitan journals whom I have known in the last five years. For of such is the kingdom of modern journalism. I am, etc.,
F. R. B.

THE QUESTION OF ATROCITIES.

SIRS: I note that your correspondent, Helen Woljeska, writing in your issue of 30 August, desires a list of the authorities on which I based my letter printed in your issue of 16 August. In my letter I referred to the reports of Major Yowell and Dr. Ward, both of whom have made what I believe to be correct and impartial reports of what they have witnessed.

I further desire to draw attention to the recently published statements of John D. Voorhis, a secretary of the Near-East Relief, and of Herbert Knapp, a field-worker of the same organization; also to the testimony given before the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs, 7 March, 1922, and the speech of Senator King before the Senate of the United States in December last, and to the book written by our former Ambassador at Constantinople, Henry Morgenthau. . . .

On 18 July, 1920, M. Millerand, then Prime Minister of France, sent a note to the Turkish Government in which he said in part:

"During the war the record of the Turkish Government in massacre, in deportation, and in maltreatment of prisoners of war immeasurably exceeded even its own previous record. It is estimated that since 1914 it has massacred on the mendacious pretext of an alleged revolt, 800,000 Armenians, including women and children, and has expelled or deported more than 200,000 Greeks and 200,000 Armenians from their homes. Not only has the Turkish Government failed to protect its subjects of other races from pillage, outrage and murder, but there is abundant evidence that it has been responsible for directing and organizing savagery against people to whom it owed protection."

I am, etc.,
New York City.

B. P. SALMON.

BOOKS.

AN ENGLISH CRITIC.

FOR how many years now has it been *de rigueur* to bewail the low estate of literary criticism in England, and to cast invidious glances across the Channel to France? My own memory stretches back too briefly for me to speak with any assurance, yet even I can remember Mr. Arnold Bennett expressing, in 1910 or thereabouts, a fervent wish that some bright young man, then in his teens, would make up his mind to be a literary critic and nothing else. Is it not possible that this dirge has been chanted a little too insistently, and that it may have been drowning out, all the time, the less high-pitched sound of some very penetrant and very substantial criticism? I do not like to resort to the fatuity of the roll-call, but is there not some

ground for congratulation in the presence, at one time, in England of such diverse and such genuine critical talents as those of Mr. Middleton Murry, Mr. Lytton Strachey, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. F. S. Flint and Mr. Edward Garnett? Here may be no critics of portentous stature, yet here is surely no such desert-like absence of taste, scholarship, and perspicacity as we might be led to look for.

The truth is, I think, that English literary criticism has suffered at the hands of its critics from a neglect on their part to consider what are, at its best, its special 'qualities'—qualities which at the moment may be recalled to us by Mr. Edward Garnett's essays in "Friday Nights." The hard lucidity of the French mind which gives it its traditional supremacy in criticism is met with seldom enough among Englishmen, yet what almost every English critic has in compensation is, to use the word Hazlitt made obligatory, *gusto*. It is this almost ingenuous relish for whatever is well-done, first-rate, excellent in literature, that shows itself unmistakably in the work of men as dissimilar in other respects as Hazlitt himself and James Russell Lowell, as Matthew Arnold and Andrew Lang. It is a quality which is never absent from Lamb's criticism, erratic as it sometimes is, or from Swinburne's, mænadic as it only too frequently is. It is useless to pretend that *gusto* itself, unsustained by the coolness of judgment and sureness of taste that should accompany it, is not a treacherous gift. Yet it would be wrong-headed to deny that, united with judgment and taste as it has been in many English critics, it is a gift that has given a special vigour and charm to English criticism. Granted that there have been no island critics of quite the stature of Sainte-Beuve, Renan, or de Gourmont, is not any one of the men I have mentioned the superior of such dry and orderly minds as Nisard and Villemain, or of the inclement Brunetière?

In the ardour of his love for good writing, then—in his *gusto*—Mr. Edward Garnett belongs to an authentic tradition in English criticism. It is united, in him, with a catholicity of taste that is even less usual in a critic of his authoritativeness. The two qualities together lead him like a reckless adventurer over seas that must be very choppy, and through wildernesses that must be very dreary, to whatever distant and unlikely spots he hopes to find picturesque and profitable. It is rarely, indeed, that one comes across a hospitality of mind which can make a learned critic like Mr. Garnett entertain angels of such dissimilar dispositions as Mr. Charles M. Doughty and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Nietzsche and W. H. Hudson. Yet there is nothing wayward or irresponsible about this catholicity: it is part of his critical philosophy. In writing of the "contemporary critic," whom he sets over against the academic, he says that such a critic's aim should be

(a) to discover in the great mass of literary 'matter' the fresh creative spirits bringing new illuminations, new valuations into literature and life; (b) to set down the characteristics of those contemporary documents which *do* betray to the age 'his form and pressure,' and (c) to detect the forces underlying the literary movements, and explain the nature of the life which determines their qualities.

It would be easy to bring against Mr. Garnett the charge that in seeking for these "fresh creative spirits" he sets a little too much store by mere originality, mere divergence from the stream of tradition and

¹"Friday Nights: Literary Criticisms and Appreciations" (First Series). Edward Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

regularity. He is certainly at no pains to disguise his contempt for "the commonplace person" and his likes and dislikes. "The failure of modern criticism generally, and of American criticism in particular, is that it too instinctively defers to and exalts the commonplace view. It has a taste for mediocrity." But Mr. Garnett can afford to say these things, for his knowledge of literature is extensive and his judgment is sober and exact. Whoever watches for him to stumble into some gin of mere freakishness will be disappointed. He writes of Nietzsche with clarity and understanding, of Chekov with extraordinary illuminativeness, of Mr. Robert Frost with infective enthusiasm. He draws his red lines under just the right passages, and his critical pencil across just the right blemishes. He sees that Mr. D. H. Lawrence's talent is "one of the most interesting and uncompromising literary forces of the recent years": but that does not blind him to "the definite limitations of Mr. Lawrence's vision"—"like a tree on a hot summer noon, his art casts a sharp, foreshortened shadow." It is always agreeable to be borne out by the event, and there is a pleasing vanity in Mr. Garnett's having included in this volume an essay on Conrad written in 1898 and one on Stephen Crane written in the same year. No critic can please a reader in all his judgments, and I confess to finding a little distortion of vision in his enthusiasm for Mr. C. M. Doughty's poetry and in his high estimate of O. Henry.

That name brings us to a consideration of certain parts of Mr. Garnett's book which for many readers will prove the most significant—his urbane but candid criticisms of American life in its relation to letters. Certainly no foreign critic of our generation has criticized us with anything like so much accuracy. We are only too calloused to the ordinary run of English comment, shuttling back and forth as it does between ignorant adulation and ignorant contempt. But Mr. Garnett brings the drill very close to the nerve when he attributes the blazing mediocrity, the flickering excellence of our literature, to "the dogma persistently put forward in America, under innumerable disguises, that the thinker and the literary artist must cater for the tastes, ideas, and sentiments, moral and emotional, of the great majority, under pain of being ignored or ostracized." He concedes, of course, that there is plenty of mediocrity and cheap conformity in the popular fiction and poetry that pours from the English press. But he rightly denies that this is in England the whole story, and he can not quite forgive us for turning the cold shoulder to Walt Whitman and Stephen Crane, for failing to recognize the presence of Sarah Orne Jewett and Robert Frost, for regarding Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Hergesheimer as exotics—during generations in which respectable critics and uncritical public united in approval of our Richard Watson Gilders, our George Washington Cables, our Richard Harding Davises, our Winston Churchills.

Several of our own critics are to-day saying the same things, and with sharper emphasis, but it is a tribute to Mr. Garnett's acuteness that as long ago as 1914 and 1915, when some of these articles were written, he saw the direction in which the current of American life had been setting. Indeed his words in the latter year remain as true to-day as when they were written:

These four shibboleths, tests for literary righteousness, which, taken together, appear to exercise the tyranny of a great superstition over the American people, might perhaps be classified as follows: (a) the commercial-success shibbo-

leth; (b) the moral shibboleth; (c) the idealistic or sentimental shibboleth; (d) the optimistic shibboleth.

Our intellectual atmosphere in America to-day is still heavy with the dust of business and optimism, and our intellectual soil is still too parched for any very luxuriant vegetation to grow in it: but Mr. Garnett's criticism comes like a cool breath of wind in that murky atmosphere, and like a welcome irrigant stream in that sandy soil.

NEWTON ARVIN.

THE EVOLUTION OF LANGUAGE.

THE publication, in two handsome and bulky volumes,¹ of the ephemera of the Earl of Rosebery affords a rare opportunity for readers of a retrospective turn of mind to refresh their memories with a contemporaneous view of blessings that are proverbially brightening as they take their flight. Lord Rosebery was an active and public-spirited politician, who had a warm regard for ordered schemes of civic betterment; something of a scholar, with a keen appreciation of accredited literature; and until Armenia (a strange conjunction!) snuffed him out politically, it was to him as Prime Minister that the pleasing duty fell at recurrent intervals, of declaring dividends to well-fed stockholders in that great going concern, the British Empire. This he invariably did in adequate language, sprinkling the flush of achievement with cool admonitions of its attendant responsibilities, saluting the fair prospect of ever-expanding dominion in reverent phrase, and paying due tribute to that Providence which, it is notorious, presides over the destinies of the British race.

It is regrettable but inevitable that a slight mortuary flavour must invest any current appreciation of his work. Of all living men who made an equal bustle, he seems the dearest to-day. His relics may even claim the indulgence extended to those who have actually passed over, who lived under earlier dispensations and saw things through other media than our own. When as Premier he pledged the Treasury to spend its money on dreadnaughts "to the last shilling," we must remember that the last shilling was still a figure of speech. At the time he conveyed to the nation the stirring message of its future monarch: "Wake up, Old England!" he had no means of foreseeing that awakenings might be at hand, surpassing any limits that kings would be likely to set them. The worst that can be said of him is that if as a statesman he showed little political sagacity, those who were not so deeply committed by birth or training showed less.

Rosebery was an orator of the rotund order, and his "Miscellanies" reveal him as an historian and critic full of facile enthusiasms and sweeping gestures. He fails to place the "purge" of Brumaire in its true relation to the profound exhaustion of France, or to see that had a St. Just survived, not to say a Mirabeau or a Danton, the clumsy and brutal invasion would have been stamped out in the time necessary for issuing an order. Napoleon *arriviste* must present himself already crowned with the halo of destiny. His literary appreciations seldom rise above the level of the book-page of Sunday editions. Johnson is a loss to journalism, "from the range of his mind and reading." A consideration of Thackeray is not an opportunity to discuss the rise of the lower-middle class to social power, of which the body of work of that tremendous old cynic is the epic, but to gossip brightly on the rival charms of Becky Sharp and Amelia Osborne. His study of Randolph Churchill is the most ambitious as well as the most authoritative. No man knows better the shabby coulisses of the political scene or how adventitious are the parts assigned to the cast. He is deeply interesting and most likeable when he descants on Stephenson and Burns, on the rough beginnings of Scots varsity and faculty, on the shabby and undramatic surrender of nationhood

¹ "Miscellanies." Lord Rosebery. New York: George H. Doran Co. 2 vols. \$10.00.

in 1707. By a happy dispensation to which literature is deeply indebted, it seems impossible for a Scotsman to be dull or uninforming when Scotland is his theme.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

"THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE."

SPECIALIZATION in modern science has become so great that the scientist speaks a language unintelligible not only to the layman but even to his own colleagues whose researches lie in other fields. Every one owes a debt of gratitude to the editor of "The Outline of Science" for attempting to bring into a small compass the results of modern research. Professor Thomson is known as a writer of numerous popular and semipopular works on biology, of which the most recent is the delightful volume on "The Haunts of Life." The "Outline" itself is very interestingly written; the style is lucid and straightforward though often somewhat jerky; in places the reader's head is being continually twisted about to contemplate some new marvel. The illustrations are always vivid and clear, and the two volumes so far published, especially in the sections dealing with natural history, are very readable indeed.

But natural history is the easiest part of science to write about because it is the least technical; we have long had interesting and accurate books dealing not only with animals and plants, but also with astronomical and geological subjects. It is the less descriptive and more theoretical parts of the work that constitute the real test of its success; and these, it must be admitted, are not so well done. The evidence is not always properly marshalled or critically handled, the reasoning is sometimes confused and incorrect, verbal descriptions are made to do duty where diagrams are needed, parables take the place of plain speaking, and difficult subjects are quickly passed over with statements so condensed that the reader is given a false impression. The bibliographies also often show important omissions. Moreover, the commendable attempt to maintain an impartial attitude sometimes breaks down at critical points. Thus, while the book avoids being dogmatic about the non-inheritance of acquired modifications, a subject on which scientific dispute has practically ceased, the discussion of vitalism versus mechanism, a question on which scientific opinion leans decidedly toward the latter side, is characterized by a definitely vitalistic bias. Of course the editor might be forgiven or even commended for being frank about his own views; but to the reader Professor Thomson's beliefs are of less importance than an adequate presentation of the mechanistic theory.

Moreover, "The Outline of Science" fails to convey an impression of unity. The great achievement of science is its correlation of apparently unrelated facts, its disclosing of connexions where none have been suspected. To the unsophisticated reader it might well appear from the "Outline" that each science is a law unto itself. Except in that portion of the first volume which relates to the history of the earth and its inhabitants, the articles are arranged with no pretence to any system. The "plain story simply told" becomes a series of stories, each of which is simple merely because its relations to the others have been overlooked.

In another way also the editor of these volumes has shown a lack of a truly philosophic grasp. For although there have been nationalistic controversies over the credit for various discoveries, and in times of stress scientists have, like their non-scientific fellows, been swayed by their political emotions, nevertheless science has always constituted an international fellowship. The fact that, as in the case of wireless telegraphy, an idea may be theoretically worked out by an Englishman, experimentally demonstrated by a German, and practically applied by an Italian, is not only typical of the method of scientific progress but teaches a lesson of international co-operation

which ought not to be neglected. The "Outline," however, seems loath to take the world for its province; it is national in the sense of being British, and sometimes even provincial in the sense of being Scots. The casual reader might well receive the impression that only rarely have contributions to the advancement of knowledge been made outside the boundaries of Britain. Not that credit is given to those who do not deserve it; but it seems strange to read the section on physiology without seeing a mention of Claude Bernard or Johannes Müller, or to go through the discussion of energy without meeting the names of Mayer and Helmholtz. Moreover Continental scientists get very scant representation in the picture gallery; in fact almost the only non-British portraits are those of prehistoric men.

The same defect appears in the sections on natural history. Here "our birds" are always British birds, "our mammals" British mammals, "our insects," British insects. These sections might have been utilized to give a more general idea of the life of the earth and to bring out some of the results of the study of geographical distribution. Instead, there seems to be rather too much emphasis on the United Kingdom even at the expense of the Dominions beyond the seas.

But after all, as Professor Thomson says in his preface, scientific information is less significant than the scientific habit of mind. As W. K. Clifford pointed out in his essay on the "Ethics of Belief," and as Mr. Bertrand Russell maintained in a recent issue of the *Freeman*, it is of the utmost practical importance that people should harbour no views for which there is no evidence. If the "Outline" contributes towards such a rational attitude, all its weaknesses may be cheerfully forgiven it. However, a habit of mind, like any other habit, can be acquired only by practice; with all due regard for the services rendered by popular scientific treatises, we must admit that such works often produce a habit of mind quite the reverse of scientific. The oversimplification that necessarily characterizes non-technical exposition puts the reader under the impression that he has fundamental knowledge where he really has only superficial information. Hence this type of writing may defeat its own purpose. The general reader, who is not capable of weighing evidence critically, comes to be easily swayed by any notion that is plausibly trapped out in the paraphernalia of learning; and as a result, he may be induced to hold very definite ideas on subjects concerning which there is no real proof. Professor Thomson himself can scarcely contribute to clear thinking when, for example, he says: "The human sense of race is so strong that it convinces us of reality even when scientific definition is impossible."

Those who greet popular expositions and compilations so enthusiastically as providing a remedy for ignorance lose sight of the fact that reading can never furnish that familiarity with scientific materials and methods that results from work in the laboratory or training in the solution of scientific problems. It may be unfortunate, but it seems to be a fact that we can learn only by taking ideas at intervals, by turning them over in our minds until all their aspects are familiar, by establishing a system of relations between them and our own interests. An outline of history may be both scholarly and readable because the notions with which it deals are familiar to every one; but any general treatment of science worthy of the name must be so full of ideas unfamiliar to the layman as to be quite unassimilable if presented in the guise of ordinary reading-matter. Whatever it may be that the uneducated person can read as he runs, it is not science.

I do not wish to be understood as criticizing Professor Thomson's ability as a scientific expositor. But I do wish to suggest that the subtitle, "A Plain Story Simply Told," is a mistaken one. Science is often a very complicated story requiring complicated exposition, and no amount of expert teaching can take the place of actual thought on the part of the student. The question is not so much whether one can explain Kant's philosophy to

¹ "The Outline of Science: A Plain Story Simply Told." Edited by J. Arthur Thomson. In four volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Vols. I and II. \$3.75 per volume.

² "The Haunts of Life." J. Arthur Thomson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

a peasant in his own language, as Tolstoy said that one could, but whether, after one has done so, the peasant can understand one's explanation. So far from being always capable of enunciation in plain English or French or German, science has, in many cases, in order to make any progress at all, had to emancipate itself from the ordinary forms of speech and to construct a language of its own. This is particularly true of mathematics and mathematical physics. It is generally recognized that their advance has been due largely to the invention of such notations as the decimal system, logarithms, the calculus, and the vast array of higher mathematical symbols that are utterly meaningless to the layman.

It is in those fields where ideas have become most precise that new methods of recording thought have been found necessary; and if great and highly trained minds like Newton and Einstein have required special languages to formulate and solve particular types of problems, is it likely that lesser and untrained minds can express these problems and present their solutions in terms of everyday speech? It is no mere accident of history that the attempts to popularize mathematics have been very few indeed: "The Outline of Science," at least so far as its contents have been announced, makes not even a pretence at including this subject. Neither is it an accident that those who have written on birds and flowers have left thermodynamics, a much more fascinating topic, rather severely alone.

In his preface, Professor Thomson quotes Leibnitz to the effect that as knowledge advances, it becomes possible to condense it into little books. The implication is that, as the books would be little, they would be easy to understand. But this conclusion does not necessarily follow. In fact the "Outline" itself, far from being compressed in its treatment, is quite discursive and its material is spread very thin. Professor Thomson might have quoted a more extreme opinion even than that of Leibnitz, for Laplace said that with sufficient knowledge he could condense all science into a differential equation. Yet we have never seen it suggested that this equation would be easy to grasp. The nearest that science has come to such a mathematical formula of the universe, is in the equations of the general theory of relativity; and not even the most sanguine of popularizers has pretended that these are intelligible to any but the expert mathematician.

We have, in modern times, come a great distance along the road of popular education. Yet we must not be deluded into making a fetish of the ordinary man and his everyday speech. It is no injustice to the average intellect to point out that it is incapable of thinking scientifically for very long at a time. Some would claim that this trait can not be altered at all, that the great majority of individuals would under no circumstances be capable of straight thinking. But although there is, of course, a large range of variation in inherited mental ability, yet the general increase in rational thought that has occurred in the course of history does not seem to warrant an attitude of extreme pessimism. It ought to be possible to abolish what we call education, which seems to be a scheme invented for the purpose of preventing the young from learning too quickly until it is too late for them to learn at all, and to devise some system for teaching people what constitutes scientific method, and for giving them the elementary notions of mathematics, physics, and chemistry, of biology, and of astronomy and geology. Until we do something of this sort, popular science can scarcely be anything more than an outline—form without substance. We must realize that knowledge, like death, is no respecter of persons; and if there is no royal road to science, neither is there a special highway for the bourgeoisie or the proletariat.

ALEXANDER WEINSTEIN.

SHORTER NOTICES.

IN weaving the gypsy-romances which comprise the volume called "Ghitza,"¹ the author commands a style which is in many respects a mirror of the life with which his stories are con-

cerned. Not alone in his selection of materials, but in the gaunt, lean manner of their narration, does he emphasize the uncouth, primitive aspects of existence, the untamed passions of men and beasts against a background of "cold, clear nights, when even the wind was frozen still." Mr. Bercovici writes in a way that emphasizes the harsh even at the expense of the colourful; his style is angular rather than flowing, and the cumulative effect in these tales is attained by those arts of emphasis and repetition which are closely linked with a civilization that has lost little of its elemental fierceness. The stories are swiftly constructed and vivid in climax, and despite uneven stretches, the preponderant effect is one of vigour and richness. L. B.

In the sharpness of its irony, the philosophy which glitters behind its exaggeration, and the detachment which animates its narration, "Mr. Antiphilos, Satyr" is as much a reflection as a creation of its author. The nimble wit which plays across the pages, the deft contrast between the artificialities of civilization and the underlying impulses which they are intended to conceal, the Gallic grace and the Hellenic hero—all these are part of a rare genius for intellectual caricature which is all the more biting because it never for a moment loses its suavity. Remy de Gourmont evidently had embarked upon one of his aesthetic larks when he undertook this history of Pan's adventures in modern society, and he has made of it a brief tale to evoke the cerebral chuckle, and to let the daylight of a Frenchman's irony through the dark corridors of Puritanic suppressions. L. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

A CONTEMPORARY of Bishop Butler once spoke of a certain type of philosophizing as a process "by which anything can be made to mean anything." There is a type of mind which so enjoys dealing with abstractions as to make a kind of dissipation of its indulgence and apparently to be suspicious of simplicity and clearness of expression. Its tendency is towards making of words and phrases an indeterminate symbol, a sort of literary blank check, into which the reader may write a content of his own, practically to any amount. One remarks this tendency in a great deal of modern literature dealing with theological and religious matters. Several flourishing religious, or quasi-religious, sects or cults, cohere about a literature which is from first to last a continuous example of it. This literature has a remarkable plausibility; sentence after sentence seems to mean something, one is sure that it means something, and almost in spite of oneself one instantly slips into it a meaning of one's own, and passes on to another and another until one comes to feel a great exhilaration and satisfaction in the process, and in consequence one becomes prepossessed by this literature and favourably disposed towards its general purposes. One feels that it has done good, and with the mounting sense of this benefit goes the corresponding disinclination to perceive that the benefit, whatever it amounts to, has really a non-intellectual root. The pragmatist may say, indeed, that this does not much matter, that if the benefit works out in conduct and character it is a real one even if it is self-sprung, and that its sources should therefore not be investigated too closely. This view is undoubtedly specious; the general principle of compensation in nature appears to be against it. The benefit is balanced by a progressive withdrawal from contact with reality, and thus in the end turns out to be illusory.

I HAVE been much interested in the appearance of this tendency in the leaders of a modern Italian school of thought which is, I understand, attracting some attention in this country. M. Benedetto Croce and M. Giovanni Gentile have made a good many disciples; and it is a great credit to them that they have made the kind of disciples that they have made, men of ardour, unction, high-mindedness. Nevertheless, as far as one may judge from the published works of M. Croce and M. Gentile, it is not quite clear that the credit due to these masters is of the kind that their disciples would give them. The credit properly due them seems to me to be that which in quite another line is due to Theodore Roosevelt or

¹ "Ghitza." Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

¹ "Mr. Antiphilos, Satyr." Remy de Gourmont. New York: Lieber & Lewis. \$2.00.

that which in still another line is due to Charles Kingsley and Maurice. They appear to be dynamic personalities, able to liberate and stimulate the ardour, unction and high-mindedness of their disciples, able also to furnish them with any quantity of literary blank checks into which this ardour, unction and high-mindedness may write pretty nearly any content of thought that one likes. Naturally, whatever this intellectual content may be, the disciple attributes it to the master, believes that it is quite what was in the master's mind and that he got it from him; and this in turn is generous of the disciple and does credit to him.

PERHAPS the best example of this is furnished by a series of lectures which M. Gentile gave lately to the school-teachers of Trieste. These have been uncommonly well translated into English, and are now available here. One has an interesting and in many respects delightful experience in reading this book. I had already read a good deal of the author's work in Italian, my attention having been attracted to it during a stay in Italy eleven years ago, and I was therefore more interested than perhaps I would otherwise be in seeing how a highly representative specimen of his writing would work out in my own language. There is a story told of Madame Modjeska—I think it is probably apocryphal, but it is nevertheless very good—that once being called upon to make a recitation, and not being able to think of anything particularly appropriate, she recited the numerals in Polish, up to a hundred or so, with great force and variety of dramatic gesture and declamation. Her audience, not knowing Polish, was immensely moved, some few, I believe, shedding tears. If a Pole had been present, he would have done well, it seems to me, first, to give himself up to the actress, as much as possible without regard to the actual content of thought in what she was saying, and appraise her performance by its effect on him, under this deliberate abstraction, as far as he could make it, of his knowledge of Polish. Then afterwards, he could review the actual content of thought in her utterance (which in that case was certainly not much) and appraise that.

IN some such fashion as this—perhaps the parallel is not wholly exact, but it will answer—I read M. Gentile's book, and in such fashion, I think, it should be read. I gave myself up entirely to the author, reading straight on without reflection, in the strict sense of the word, filling in blank check after blank check with the passive automatism of the trance-writer. In this way a few ideas and a great number of pseudo ideas were set in motion; the excellent spirit and temper of the writer came forth to bathe and beautify them; the sense of being fancy-free which I had deliberately invited for the occasion, the temporary side-tracking of literary conscience, contributed largely to all this exhilaration; and when I came to the end of the book I was as highly animated as were, no doubt, the school-teachers of Trieste when M. Gentile finished the delivery of his lectures. Then I went back over the book once more, asking, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, what, now, really, does this mean? Not what do I think it means or what can I make it mean, or what does its tone and temper intimate that it may mean, but what actual idea was in the writer's mind when he put those words down on paper? Going through the book again on these terms was a very different sort of business and a very depressing business, but one which I hope my readers will undertake, for it is invaluable. In fact, the only reason I have for commenting on M. Gentile's book is that, approached and dealt with in the ways I have indicated, it affords as salutary exercise as I can think of, and affords more of it and better, than any modern book that I have seen.

BUT let the reader try the experiment first in a small way upon a quotation, before proceeding, as I earnestly trust he will proceed, to procure the whole book and use

it as apparatus for the intellectual exercise that I recommend. Here are two paragraphs of M. Gentile upon the realism of Aristotle:

It should not now be necessary to criticize this concept of a reality assumed to exist, in antecedence to the activity of the spirit, and which is the sole support of this distinction between will and intellect. We might say perhaps that though everything does indeed depend from the spirit, and though all is spirit, yet this completely spiritual reality is on one hand what is produced, the realization of new realities (will), but on the other hand it is but the knowledge of its own reality, and by this knowledge gives no increment to its being. However, if we adopted this view, we would slip back to the position we abandoned as untenable, since a thought which propounds the problem of its essence and of the essence of the reality which it cognizes can be but mere knowing. For it is again faced by a reality—even though it has in this case been arbitrarily presumed identical with it—a reality which is as an antecedent to it, and leaves to it only the task of looking on. So we must conclude that the life of the spirit is never mere contemplation. What seems to be contemplation—that consciousness which the spirit acquires of itself, and acquiring which, realizes itself—is a creation: a creation not of things but of its own self. For what are things but the spirit as it is looked at abstractly in the multiplicity of its manifestations?

We shall more easily understand that our knowing and our doing are indiscernible, if we recall that our doing is not what is also perceived externally, a motion in space caused by us. This external manifestation is quite subordinate and adventitious. The essential character of our doing is the internal will, which does not, properly speaking, modify things, but does modify us, by bringing out in us a personality which otherwise would not have been. This is the substance of the will, which we can not deny to thought, if thought is, as I have shown, development, and therefore continuous self-creation of the personality.

Now, if, as I have said, one goes through this with an utter surrender to the flow of speech, filling in one blank check after another with such content of thought as one may put for oneself into these verbal formulæ, one is exhilarated, animated, stimulated, one comes out at the end in full belief that one has been thinking, and perhaps after a fashion, one really has been thinking, though to what purpose is not altogether clear. Less clear by far, however, is the correspondence between what one has thought, or thinks he has thought, and any ideas that he can determine with certainty as being in the author's mind. Going through this passage to ascertain *those* ideas, is almost precisely like the process of trying to recall a dream that is only so far forgotten as to lie under the very surface of one's consciousness. Yes, yes, one says, directly now, in a moment, I shall have it. But one does not get it.

ONE can not say what the prospects are for a prevailing philosophy of idealism, and it is not for the critic of this generation to forecast the ultimate status of M. Gentile and his associates, or indeed to pay much attention to them. Their work is avowedly for the future, and by the future they shall be judged. *Cæsari appellasi, ad Cæsarem ibis*. M. Gentile's book, however, entirely apart from its primary intention, can be recommended as an exercise in clearing one's mind, to establish the distinction between philosophy and logomachy. One may easily think oneself an idealist, realist, or this or that—ist or—ite, when in plain truth one is only addled. It is easy to imagine oneself profound when in truth one is only confused and incoherent. It is easy, as Homer warns us, to make the use of words unrepresentative. "Too many scholars," said Jeremy Taylor, in his strong, common-sense way, "have lived upon air and empty nothings, falling out about nothings, and being very wise about things that are not *and work not*." We find Goethe, too, warning Eckermann that while formal philosophy has value, its best medium is common sense. Intellectual curiosity is susceptible of perversion; and when perverted, produces only for us the *sensation egoïste et passagère* which is all that holds together many cults. To ensure oneself against this, a deliberate effort, a form of exercise deliberately chosen and self-imposed, is necessary; and the best is the simplest, and M. Gentile's book is all the apparatus one needs for one that is extremely simple and extremely effective.

NOT infrequently we hear the remark that the FREEMAN is destructive; that though its criticism is bright and amusing, this paper offers no substitute for the shams it contemns and satirizes.

It is a safe bet that many of those who make these strictures would abuse us or ignore us if we were to offer what is called "a constructive programme." Rightly they would aver that the FREEMAN is a propaganda paper and, as such, they would drop it. Much of the objection to the FREEMAN's method finds its origin in the chagrin due to the shattering of certain totems, and much of it comes from well meaning readers who, for the first time, find themselves disturbed by the state of the world. Something has broken; something heretofore sacred has had its bony structure exposed. Reluctant to face the truth and shrinking from the mental readjustment which the discovery demands, their impulse is to abuse the prophet.

What interests us particularly is the fascination which this "destructive criticism" exerts, and the continued thirst for the cup we offer. Eventually many kindly grumblers learn that "constructive" papers consume their energies in worthless "construction," and that the FREEMAN's relentless intelligent criticism results in stimulating the reader's own thinking.

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